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NATIONAL REVIEW

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■ LETTERS ■

HE'S JUST NOT LISTENING

It was disheartening to read Roger Scruton's dismissal of rap ("The Song Is Ended," Sept. 2). He should make an unprejudiced effort to listen to Eminem. The rhythms of the rapper's speech are flexible, intricate, and ever-changing.

Kam Morrill
Seattle, Wash.

KEEP IT SECRET

Re David Klinghoffer's review of Kevin Starr's book on California ("Golden Coast," Aug. 12), all they both write is true: Living in Northern California is like living on another planet. The effort some years ago to establish a separate state up here failed because Southern California voters want our water and other natural resources. There's even talk about our advertising how terrible it is to live here! Whatever you do, Mr. Starr, don't write another book about how great this area is.

Bud Miller
Weed, Calif.

GOOD LIST OR BAD LIST?

Re Ramesh Ponnuru's article on the Death Penalty Information Center's Innocence List ("Bad List," Sept. 16), some clarifications: People accused of a crime have every right to a claim of innocence if they have been acquitted at trial or if the prosecution has decided to drop all charges. "Probably guilty," the criterion used in the article, is a subjective judgment by self-appointed reviewers.

DPIC's list, based on objective criteria, was first published in 1993 by the staff of the House Judiciary Committee's Subcommittee on Civil and Constitutional Rights. Since DPIC began adding cases, the criteria have been to include only those who have had their convictions overturned and who have then either been acquitted at retrial, had all charges dropped, or were granted an absolute pardon by a governor.

The piece was incomplete in the case of Jonathan Treadaway. It said that he was spared because of "technicalities," but neglected to say that after his conviction was overturned, he received a new trial and was acquitted. Similarly, the piece did not say that the prosecution could have retried Jeremy Sheets after his initial conviction was thrown out, but declined to do so.

All the cases on the list were people who

have been exonerated since 1973, when states began rewriting their statutes and sentencing people to death. Some exonerations, it is true, involved convictions prior to 1972, but this is appropriate. The Supreme Court didn't strike down the death penalty because innocent people were being sentenced to death, and changes that states made to their laws had little to do with preventing wrongful convictions. The perceived problem with the death penalty at that time was its arbitrariness. Now there are even more serious problems.

Richard C. Dieter, Exec. Director, DPIC
Washington, D.C.

RAMESH PONNURU REPLIES: Richard Dieter's organization has done everything in its power to lead people to believe that the modern death penalty has put over 100 people on Death Row who did not commit the crimes with which they were charged. No such thing has been proven. All DPIC has established is that over 100 people who were on Death Row were eventually let off for one reason or another.

Jonathan Treadaway was acquitted in a retrial from which evidence was excluded because of technicalities, as I explained in the article. Charges against Jeremy Sheets were not pursued further because the principal witness against him was dead, as I also explained. Sheets was not "cleared," as Mr. Dieter claims, any more than O. J. Simpson was.

If DPIC applied its standards to a critique of imprisonment, rather than of the death penalty, it would have to conclude that Simpson was unjustly threatened with imprisonment but then found to be "innocent." But DPIC does not really believe that the judgments of the legal system are that authoritative. If they were, wrongful executions would be conceptually impossible.

Mr. Dieter knows that the Supreme Court continued to change the way the death penalty is imposed well after 1973. He does not really regard 1973 as an important date anyway, since his list includes pre-1973 convictions. His justification? The legal changes that took place then were not designed to reduce the risk that the wrong man would be executed. Yet he considers it perfectly appropriate to count people as "exonerated" when they leave Death Row for reasons unrelated to any belief in their innocence. In his use of language, Mr. Dieter is hardly an innocent himself.



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■ FOR THE RECORD ■

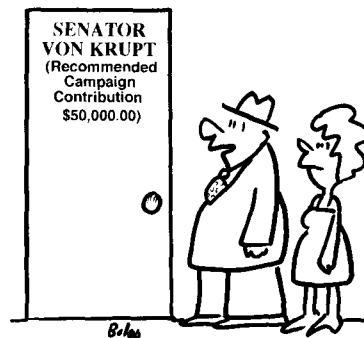
■ President **Bush**, on whether **Saddam Hussein** is developing weapons of mass destruction: "I don't know what more evidence we need." . . . Sen. **Fred Thompson** (R., Tenn.), on *Meet the Press*: "I think Saddam will not allow inspectors back in, number one. The [U.N.] Security Council will not support us to put inspectors back in, number two. And three, if inspectors went back in, it would be a fool's errand." . . . Homeland security director **Tom Ridge**, in *New York Times*: "I think it would be a horrible mistake to conclude that there aren't more al-Qaeda operatives within this country." . . . Secretary of State **Colin Powell**: "Pre-emption has always been available as a tool of foreign policy or military doctrine." . . . Powell intends to resign at end of first Bush term, reports *Time*. . . CNN/*Time* poll: 51 percent support "military action involving ground troops" to depose Saddam Hussein in Iraq, down from 70 percent in December. . . . Congress convenes in New York to commemorate terror attacks. . . . For first time in decades, Coast Guard permanently stations armed boat on Potomac River.

■ Gov. **Jeb Bush** (R., Fla.) sends scolding letter to Gov. **Jesse Ventura** (I., Minn.) over scheduled visit to Cuba: "While I don't expect you to cancel your trip, I strongly believe doing so would be the right thing to do." . . . President Bush, on latest rejection of judicial nominee: "What the Democrat members of the Senate Judiciary Committee have done to Justice **Owen** is shameful, even by Washington standards." . . . Bush has visited Iowa seven times since election, compared to **Bill Clinton**'s nine trips in eight years. Only Texas, Florida, and Pennsylvania have seen more of Bush.

■ *The Hotline* counts 9 Senate races with polls showing candidates within margin of error. . . . Teamsters endorse Texas governor **Rick Perry** (R.) over challenger **Tony Sanchez** (D.). . . . **Stuart Rothenberg** on Sen. **Robert Torricelli** (D., N.J.): "I think Torricelli is the single most vulnerable incumbent in the country." . . . Polls show **Linda**

Lingle (R.) running ahead of all competitors for Hawaii governor. . . . Running for California governor, Republican **Bill Simon** says he would proclaim "Gay Pride Day" if elected, then says he wouldn't. . . . In Democratic primary for Nevada governor, "none of the above" earns second-place finish, with 24 percent of vote.

■ Sen. **Joe Lieberman** (D., Conn.) on whether **Al Gore** will run for president again, in *Christian Science Monitor*: "He has told me that he is undecided, literally 50-50." . . . Sen. **John Edwards** (D., N.C.) raises \$2 million in soft money for potential presidential bid. With exception of \$250,000 check given by Hollywood producer **Steve Bing**, "nearly every other dollar" comes from trial lawyers, reports *Washington Post*. . . . American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees president



"Maybe not, but it sure violates the spirit of the law."

Gerald W. McEntee, in *Washington Post*: "We have no relationship with this administration." . . . Pollster **John Zogby** donates services to opponent of House Majority Whip, Rep. **Tom DeLay** (R., Tex.).

■ Sen. **John McCain** (R., Ariz.) has missed more than 10 percent of all Senate votes since 1995, according to *Arizona Republic*. Only ailing Sen. **Jesse Helms** (R., N.C.), who is retiring, has missed more. . . . Apprehensions of illegal aliens along Mexican border are down 30 percent from last year. . . . Border Patrol loses 2,000 agents and inspectors, mostly to better-paying jobs at Transportation Security Adminis-

tration; enforcement agency remains 1,500 people short of full capacity. . . . Two-thirds of 28 million foreign-born people counted in 2000 Census considered themselves white, up from half in 1990. . . . **Keith Jackson** of National Society of Black Physicists: "The influx of foreign students has driven down starting salaries so much that a career in physics or any other science and technology field is unattractive."

■ **Bob Novak**, on CNN: "You know, I'm not a **Jimmy Carter** fan. . . . I think he is a meddler and a bumbler. He has said terrible things about Cuba. He was all wrong about Nicaragua. He's bad about North Korea. But he is absolutely right, in my opinion: There is no danger from Baghdad to the United States." . . . Former Midland, Tex. home of both presidents named George Bush goes on market with asking price of \$250,000, even though assessed value is \$103,500.

■ British Prime Minister **Tony Blair** on Iraq, during Camp David visit: "A policy of inaction is not a policy we can responsibly subscribe to." . . . Former South African president **Nelson Mandela** on possible U.S. attack on Iraq: "What they are saying is introducing chaos in international affairs, and we condemn that in the strongest terms." . . . Canadian immigration minister **Denis Coderre** says his country may need to boost immigration levels above 300,000 per year, up from 250,000 in 2001, because of aging native population. . . . Mexico creates new cabinet-level agency called National Council for Mexican Communities Abroad to lobby for interests of Mexicans living outside native country. . . . Cuba provides safe haven for more than 70 criminals wanted in U.S. "Only once I met **Fidel Castro**," says **Guillermo Morales**, a Puerto Rican terrorist, in *Washington Post*. "It was at a reception and I said to him, 'Thank you.'"

■ From **David Letterman**'s "Top Ten Things Overheard in Bill Clinton's Negotiations with CBS": "No. 1: 'Tell me about the internship program.'" **NR**

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THE WEEK

■ Pat Buchanan accuses NR, as well as *The Weekly Standard* and *Commentary*, of urging America to “go nightsticking recalcitrant regimes according to a priority list drawn up for us by Bibi Netanyahu.” As a result of our advocacy, President Bush may end up “subcontracting Mideast policy out to Ariel Sharon.” Buchanan is starting his own magazine, *The American Conservative*, to oppose us. It debuts in late September. *Mazel tov*.

■ President Bush has suggested cutting taxes on investment, but Republicans in his administration and in Congress are holding back because they worry that a new tax-cut push could backfire politically. Republicans would certainly face charges from Democrats of swelling the deficit to curry favor with their rich friends. So what? People are more concerned about the sluggish economy than about the deficit, and “the rich” are in this case the investors for whom Democrats have just spent a season expressing their tender-hearted solicitude—and who are also a majority of the electorate.

■ This time, Senate Democrats did not bother to make false charges of ethical misconduct or racism against a conservative judicial nominee. They rejected Priscilla Owen, President Bush’s pick for a federal appeals court, simply—and more or less openly—because she is not a liberal. Owen, a Texas supreme-court justice, does not believe it is her prerogative to override state law to let teenage girls have abortions without notifying their parents. Sen. Dianne Feinstein, California Democrat, was not about to abide by such extremism. Feinstein said that she had never voted against a female nominee and that she liked Owen. But “the issue of choice . . . is extraordinarily important.” The immediate consequence of this vote should be President Bush’s withdrawal from an arrangement made last year that gave Feinstein and Barbara Boxer, the other Democratic senator from California, a say in picking nominees for district-court judges in California. That deal might have made sense if Democrats were willing to bargain in good faith. The Owen vote shows that they are not. The Democrats’ blackballing of conservative judges—done at the behest of liberal interest groups, not the public—should also be an issue in the Senate elections, if Republican candidates have the wit to use it.

■ The “chicken hawk” argument, beloved of Sens. John Kerry (D., Mass.) and Chuck Hagel (R., France), that only veterans are fit to shape Iraq policy because only they know the horror of war, was definitively shot down by Eliot A. Cohen in the *Washington Post*. “According to this view, to fill a senior policy position during a war one would of course

prefer a West Point graduate who had led a regiment in combat . . . to a corporate lawyer turned politician with a few weeks’ experience in a militia unit that did not fight. The former profile fits Jefferson Davis and the latter Abraham Lincoln. Not only did Davis turn against the Constitution he had sworn to uphold, he was a poor commander in chief, while Lincoln was the greatest of our war presidents.”

■ The president wants his proposed Department of Homeland Security to have a merit-based personnel system, with streamlined hiring and firing, to give it maximum flexibility as it tries to get 22 agencies to work together. Sen. Lieberman’s bill, on the other hand, keeps the existing regime of antiquated rules and regulations and, to the added delight of his party’s union benefactors, weakens the president’s current authority to exempt certain agencies from union control in the interest of national security. It is doubtful whether the department is worth creating in any case, but it is certainly not worth having if it is to operate like a typical federal bureaucracy. A Lieberman-style bill would be a good candidate for the president’s first veto.

■ The world’s most exclusive club of frequent fliers (a.k.a. the Senate) voted 87–6 to permit commercial-airline pilots to be armed in the cockpit. Senate cosponsor Barbara Boxer interrupted her usual campaign to rid the country of the scourge of armed self-defense to explain, “If I believed the skies were safe, I wouldn’t be here supporting this bill.” Following a similarly lopsided House vote of no confidence in the new airport-security regime in July (310–113), the Bush administration finally dropped its opposition to guns in the cockpit. Now, if it would only drop both Transportation Secretary Norman Mineta and its senseless opposition to a vigorous system of profiling passengers . . .

■ Andrew Cuomo, a housing secretary for Clinton and son of Mario, bowed out of the Democratic gubernatorial primary in New York a week before the vote. Polls showed him trailing comptroller Carl McCall; to make up the gap, Cuomo would have had to go negative; and in New York he could not go negative against a black man. Cuomo couldn’t say that outright, though he came close (his concession speech spoke of the “open wound” of last year’s Democratic mayoral primary, in which a white and a Hispanic candidate duked it out). The racial taboo is especially notable because McCall, the black man in question, is neither an oppression minstrel, like Jesse Jackson and Al Sharpton, nor a cold-blooded political hit man like Rep. Charles Rangel. McCall is an ordinary, somewhat colorless establishment figure. Even so, his color trumps everything. Gov. Pataki better hug

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his 9/11 bounce for all it's worth; when that fades, his hands are tied.

■ New Hampshire Republicans faced a tough choice in deciding whether to nominate Bob Smith for another term in the Senate. Smith has been a conservative stalwart. But his primary challenger, John Sununu, was equally conservative. And Smith had behaved oddly, leaving the Republican party and then returning to it. In the end, the deciding factor was Republicans' unwillingness to take the chance that re-nominating Smith would cost them the chance at regaining a majority in the Senate. They chose Sununu, who told conservatives during his campaign that he could beat Democrat Jeanne Shaheen and that once in the Senate, his role model would be Phil Gramm. He now has the opportunity to prove both contentions.

■ Last spring, 99 senators approved an election-reform bill requiring first-time voters who register by mail to produce a photo identification, or some other document showing their name and address (e.g., a bank statement or utility bill), when they arrive at the polls. Democrats argued that this simple provision would disenfranchise the poor, but ultimately dropped their objections (it helped that Republican senator Kit Bond of Missouri could point out that a St. Louis dog—yellow? blue? no one knows—named Ritzy Mekler was registered to vote two years ago). Now Democrats are trying to kill the provision again in conference committee. Better no bill than a bill that makes it easier for people to vote—twice.

PREPARING HIS DEFENSE



*Beleaguered by President Bush and talkative ex-mistresses,
Saddam primps for the battle to come.*

■ Kennewick Man, a 9,400-year-old skeleton found in Washington State, is said by some to display "Caucasoid" features. Research could revolutionize our understanding of prehistoric America. But two years ago, then-secretary of the interior Bruce Babbitt said he would give the remains, which had hardly been studied, to a coalition of Indian tribes that objected to the research. A group of eminent scientists protested the decision, which they said was not required under the terms of the law Babbitt invoked. Those scientists have just won in federal court. Victories over multiculturalism are few, and often temporary. Let's hope the Bush administration does not appeal this ruling.

■ A committee of the Canadian Senate proposed that Canada legalize marijuana, allowing it to be grown by licensed dealers and sold to Canadians over 16. There are many steps between a Senate committee and the law books, but John Walters, the American drug czar, weighed in early. "We [in the United States] know that marijuana is a harmful drug, particularly for young people." True, which must be why the Canadian committee forbade sale to minors. "We also know that if you make it more available, you'll get more marijuana use." True at the margin—although it is also true that even under prohibition, use is widespread. "More use leads to more addiction and more problems." Here Walters gets slippery. There will be more of the problems associated with addiction and use. But there will be many fewer of the problems associated with prohibition, such as futile expense, unequal enforcement, draconian penalties, governmental lying about the drug's medical benefits, contempt for law generated by lawbreaking, and the boon to organized criminals by giving them a market. Our neighbors to the north are dealing with these trade-offs better than our drug czar.

■ Afghan president Hamid Karzai narrowly escaped assassination in Kandahar, while a car-bomb in a crowded Kabul shopping street killed 32 innocent passersby. Afghanistan's fragile peace is menaced not only by Taliban and al-Qaeda remnants, but by Islamist warlord Gulbuddin Hekmatyar and even elements of the Northern Alliance. The crimes remind Afghans of the character of their former oppressors. America, and the other members of the 19-nation peace-keeping force, should do all they prudently can to help the beleaguered country. But if Afghanistan reverts to chaos, it will still be better, for us and even for most Afghans, than what it was before: a demented dictatorship and base camp for al-Qaeda.

■ Some idea of the level of intellectual activity in the Arab world can be got from reports of a two-day conference on "Semitism" held recently in Cairo by a think tank affiliated with the Arab League, and located in Abu Dhabi. The executive director of this outfit, one Mohammed Khalifa Murar, noted in his opening remarks that "Jews claim to be God's most preferred people, but the truth is they are the enemies of all nations. Most philosophers . . . consider Jews as

Teacher Union Power Is Awesomely Arrogant

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Education.

In New York City, the American Federation of Teachers (AFT) is fighting efforts to restore order to schools. The school board wants teachers to supervise hallways, lunchrooms, and playgrounds because costly but ineffectual "paraprofessionals" don't command respect. But union leaders refuse to cooperate, even though their members work less than four hours a day.

In California, the National Education Association (NEA) is demanding control of school curricula. In Massachusetts, the NEA has fought teacher competency tests clear to the state supreme court. Elsewhere, the AFT and NEA are preventing the formation of union-free charter schools.

As private sector unionism has waned, the NEA and AFT have become the most powerful labor combination in America. They contribute millions to Democratic and Republican candidates for office. Teachers also constitute as many as a quarter of the delegates to the national Democratic conventions. In school board and school bond elections, teachers outvote citizens by large margins. In a bond referendum in Huntington Beach, California, 93 percent of the teachers voted, according to a Stanford study, though overall turnout was 19 percent; in nearby Santa Ana, 88 percent of the teachers voted, as compared to 23 percent of all registrants.

Yet for all this political influence, unions do not protect the earnings of the many good, hardworking teachers. In 1940, female teachers made better than 60 percent of that earned by average college-educated women; by 1990, they were earning 40 percent. Among males, salaries slipped from 52 to 33 percent of the college-educated average.

As pay has fallen, so has teacher quality. According to the Department of Labor, 50 percent of women entering teaching in the 1970s received high scores on an educational achievement test. Twenty years later, high-scoring female teachers constituted 10 percent of the total. For male teachers, the drop in high scorers was from 20 to 10 percent.

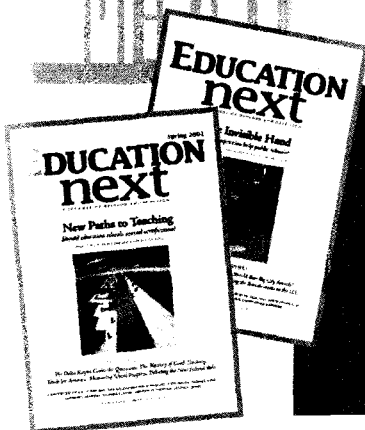
So what's gone wrong? Powerful unions should be fighting for wages that attract the best and the brightest. Part of the problem is insistence on uniform pay, whereby leaders resist attempts to reward teachers of special merit or pay more for those who have skills that are in short supply. More money is given only to those teachers with years of experience or added credentials. Because teacher effectiveness generally declines after five years, and teacher credentials have been proven meaningless, a disconnect exists between service rendered and compensation received. Thus, it makes little sense to pay employees more.

School boards and unions also take the line of least resistance by handing out more rights and less work rather than increasing teachers pay. Indeed, it was to keep wage demands down that the New York school board agreed to give hallway supervision to the paraprofessionals.

Moreover, ineffectual teachers make for loyal union members. And when ineffective teachers abound, more are needed: the ratio of pupils to teachers nationwide plunged from twenty-two to seventeen between 1970 and 1995. More teachers, more dues, more campaign contributions, more power, more rights—lower performance. No wonder lawmakers are beginning to talk accountability.

— Paul E. Peterson

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cheaters, whose greed knows no bounds." Participants went on to prove, to the satisfaction of all assembled, that Jewish people are not true Semites and have no historic claim to any of Palestine. In other developments from the region foremost in leading the world to new heights of knowledge and progress, Syrian scientists have accomplished cold fusion, Saudi astronauts have landed on Mars, Egypt has produced the world's fastest computer, and an Iraqi scholar has deciphered Linear A. Just kidding.

■ Giving a speech to the U.N. World Summit on Sustainable Development in Johannesburg, South Africa, Secretary of State Colin Powell was heckled by protesters. It was not his assurances of U.S. concern about global warming that got them riled up, nor was it his promise of a 50 percent increase in U.S. "development assistance" to poor countries. It was his references to the incipient famines in Zimbabwe, where President Mugabe has forbidden white farmers to grow food, and in Zambia, whose rulers, apparently fearing a CIA plot to poison their people, have banned importation of genetically modified corn. Most especially, the assembled Third Worlders seem to have taken offense at Sec. Powell's references to "lack of respect for human rights and rule of law" in Zimbabwe as exacerbating factors in that nation's coming famine. Why did State think it a good idea for Powell to address this absurd gathering? Do they not know that these events are nothing but a forum for anti-Americanism and anti-Semitism? (A speaker before Powell was the "Palestinian minister of the environment," who accused Israel of destroying beehives.) And that, to the people who attend them, a thuggish white-hating despot like Mugabe is a natural hero? Perhaps State supposed that Powell, as a black man, would be let off lightly. If so, they are even more naïve than we have supposed.

■ Misses Norway, Kenya, and Ivory Coast have announced that they will not be attending the 2002 Miss World contest in Abuja, Nigeria, this November, as a protest against the sentences of death by stoning meted out to adulterous women by Islamic *sharia* courts in the Muslim north. (Misses France and Belgium are also threatening to join the boycott.) For their part, Nigerian Muslim groups will not regret the disruption of a pageant that they have attacked as "feckless and immoral and designed to breed promiscuity," although if any promiscuity ensues, they are ready with their response.

■ Pat Roush has been fighting for 16 years to rescue her American daughters, whose Saudi father took them to the Kingdom when they were ages 7 and 3. She now has a final verdict on her efforts, courtesy of Fox News's Bill O'Reilly. "They are not going to fight for their freedom. They are going to stay where they are," O'Reilly dismissively declared. The host of *The Factor* wrote off the two young women after he colluded with the Saudi government, without Roush's knowledge, to set up a Fox News interview with her daughters in London. O'Reilly's viewers were told that the women

said they had no desire to return to the United States. O'Reilly cut off Pat Roush and another guest who would have pointed out that while in London the women remained in the coercive control of their captors. Pat Roush was being "too emotional," O'Reilly explained. Our former colleague Bill McGurn, whose reporting for the *Wall Street Journal* editorial page brought the plight of American women held in Saudi Arabia to the attention of O'Reilly and others, was later invited on the show to object to O'Reilly's secret scheme with the Saudis. A furious O'Reilly became rather emotional himself, accusing McGurn of telling "a bold-faced lie." This time the bully picked on someone with barrels of ink, and McGurn detailed O'Reilly's collusion with the Saudis in a follow-up op-ed in the *Journal*. It is bad enough that O'Reilly is throwing away his "no spin" reputation. But for the Saudis?

■ The *New York Times* has recently returned to the defense of Alger Hiss. In their "Week in Review" section one recent Sunday, the editors of our nation's Journal of Record ran a potted history of espionage through the ages. Noting Hiss's 1950 conviction for perjury, they could not forbear adding: "It was later learned that some evidence supporting his claim of innocence was covered up." The earth turns: Evil empires pass away, new menaces come up to take their place. Men walk on the moon, hemlines rise and fall, and after many a summer dies the swan: But to America's liberals, Alger Hiss is eternally innocent.

■ Way back in 1995, *The Economist* printed the following sentence: "During the 1980s, when service industries consumed about 85% of the \$1 trillion invested in IT in the United States, productivity growth averaged a niggardly 0.8% a year." In a subsequent issue, they noted with amusement that this harmless statement of an econo-factoid had drawn a letter of protest from a reader in Boston who thought the word "niggardly" inappropriate in a respectable publication. Well, a great deal of political correctness has flowed under the bridge since 1995. Yesterday's joke is today's outrage, and very likely tomorrow's lawsuit. In 1999, the mayor of Washington, D.C., fired (though he later rehired) a white aide who used "niggardly" in conversation. Shortly afterwards, a student at the University of Wisconsin called for the banning of the word on campus after a professor used it in a discussion of Chaucer. ("So parfite joye may no negarde have.") Now Stephanie Bell, a fourth-grade teacher in Wilmington, N.C., has been reprimanded for using the word "niggardly" in a classroom discussion about literary characters. A parent, one Akwana Walker, declared herself offended by the word. Bell has been hustled off to "sensitivity training," Walker's daughter has been transferred to another class, and another honest old English word has disappeared down the memory hole. We await with weary resignation the coming protests by GLAAD about "query" and "dike," B'nai Brith's assault on "juice," and La Raza's campaign to stamp out "spick-and-span."

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE

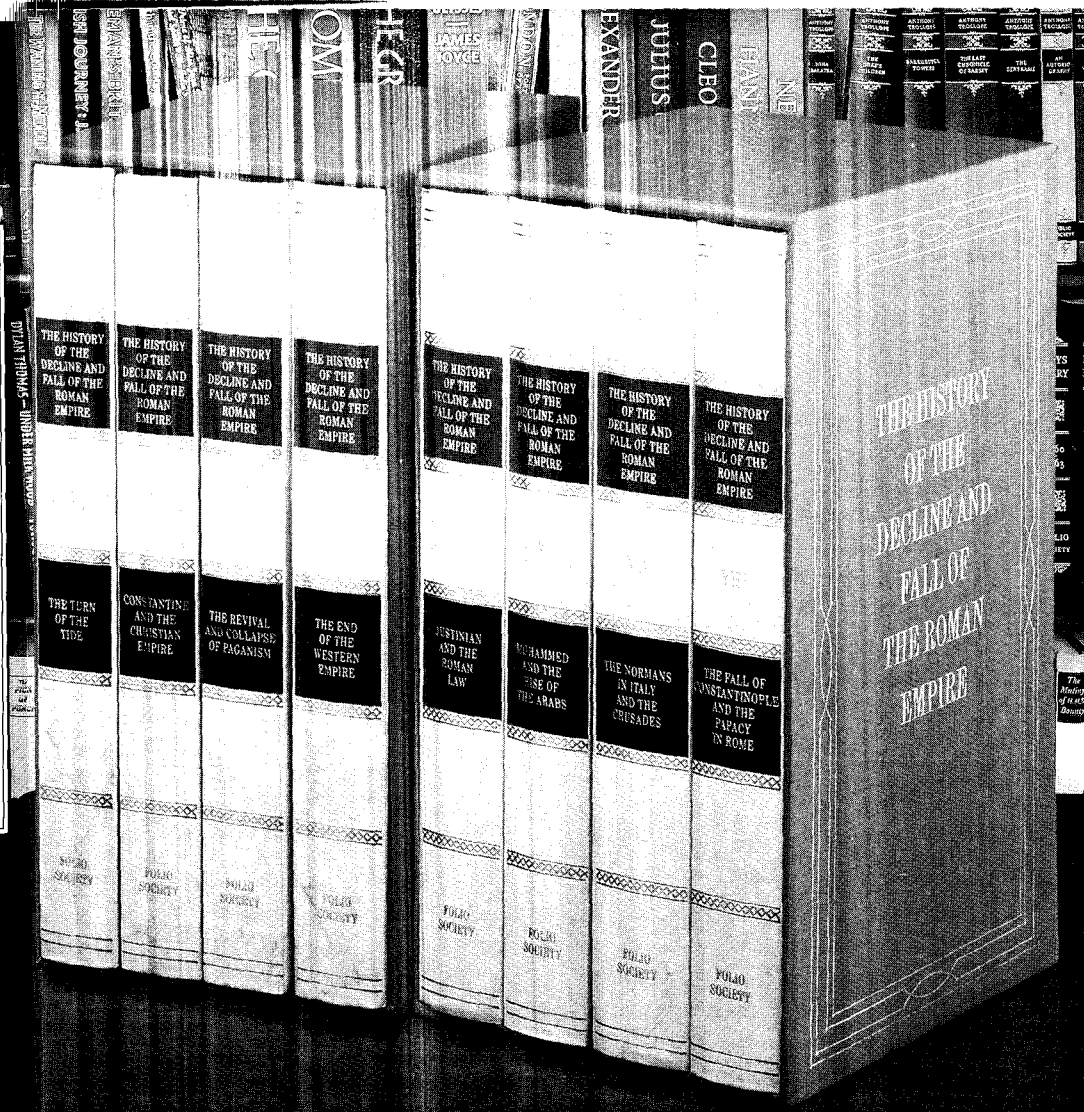
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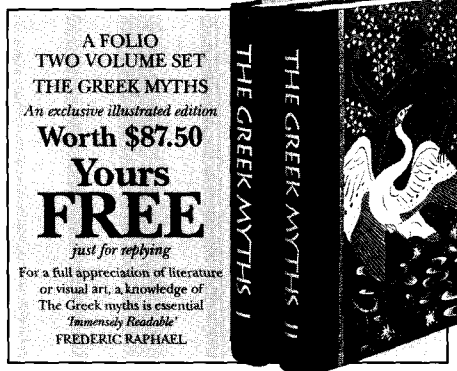
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■ In a lawsuit against Loyola College in Baltimore, Denys Blell is charging that he was rejected for a job as assistant vice president for academic affairs and diversity because he wasn't black enough. Blell, who has light skin, claims that Vice President for Academic Affairs David Haddad told him the school "needed to hire an African-American that was visibly black." This kind of thing isn't new: In 1994, Northwestern Law School decided not to hire Maria O'Brien Hylton after a student group claimed *she* wasn't black enough. Northwestern's officials, and Mr. Haddad, would presumably also have turned down the services of that light-skinned author of *The Souls of Black Folk*, W. E. B. Du Bois (whose race credentials were indeed questioned by Marcus Garvey). Adam Clayton Powell had light skin; and Homer Plessy, who was an octoroon, could have passed for white had he not chosen to fight the segregationist policies of the East Louisiana Railway. "I'm pigmentally ambiguous," Blell told the *Baltimore Sun*. "And isn't that what we mean by diversity?" Mr. Blell, do you really want us to answer that question?

■ The sex-abuse scandal among Catholic priests continues to bleed the Church's credibility and coffers. The Diocese of Providence, R.I., announced recently it had reached a \$13.5 million settlement with 36 people who say priests abused them as children. In California, the Society of Jesus agreed to pay \$7.5 million to two mentally retarded men who claimed they had been sexually abused for 30 years by Jesuits at the retreat center where the men worked as dishwashers. One searches the daily papers for good news in this mess—and sometimes one finds it. In Boston, the sex-abuse civil suit against Msgr. Michael Smith Foster collapsed when his accuser, Paul R. Edwards, withdrew the lawsuit. Holes had appeared in his account of the alleged abuse, and Edwards's friends told reporters that he tended to make up stories. Msgr. Foster would appear vindicated by everyone but the Boston archdiocese, which has to date done nothing to reinstate the falsely accused cleric to his duties.

THE TWO CUOMOS

*The kid's devoid of crowd-appeal.
He made constituents congeal
Like nervous veggie-eating wrecks
Chased by Tyrannosaurus Rex;
The father, on the other hand,
Was either boring or so bland,
One twisted on one's folding chair
Until the benediction prayer.*

—W. H. VON DREELE



"Many priests cannot understand this delay," one prominent Boston priest told the *Globe*. "It is baffling, and every day the archdiocese delays makes it worse. It is not fair to Michael Foster to be hung out to dry like this." It is inevitable that some priests in this time of scandal will be falsely accused. When that proves to be the case, the Church should spare no effort to restore the priests' good names. The American bishops have made too many innocent people victims of their negligence in these matters; blameless priests shouldn't be among them.

■ The Episcopal Church, USA, has been rocked by the defrocking of a traditionalist priest. The Rev. Charles E. Bennisson, bishop of Pennsylvania, has deposed the Rev. David L. Moyer, claiming that, by preventing the liberal bishop from making official visits to his parish, Father Moyer has "abandon[ed] the communion" of the Church. Bishops around the world have condemned the defrocking as invalid, and even the liberal Archbishop of Canterbury, George Carey, has extended his support to Moyer, pronouncing him a priest in good standing within the Anglican Communion. Bennisson held no trial to determine Moyer's guilt, choosing instead to make highly irregular use of a Church canon intended for priests who leave the faith. This is part of a long-running struggle for the soul of the Episcopal Church, one that is played out most dramatically at the worldwide gatherings of the Anglican Communion at Lambeth, where the Third World bishops show up every ten years to save the Church from itself. Defying the Church hierarchy, as Moyer has done, is not always wrong, and can even be saintly: St. Athanasius rejected the Arian bishops' authority and was later canonized for doing so.

■ The holy war against every conceivable form of discrimination demands eternal vigilance, of course. No offense, however minuscule, may be allowed to pass without protest; no victim, however hypothetical, may be left without a voice; no hurt feelings, however trivial, may be accorded any status less than anguished distress. That this war is indeed a holy one was illustrated by a reader's letter published in a recent issue of *Episcopal Life*, a Church newspaper widely distributed to Anglicans in the U.S. The letter objected to a classified ad in a previous edition of the paper. The offending ad had begun: "Needed: Ordained Episcopal priest, happily married, seeking challenging opportunity at . . ." Protested the indignant reader: "This congregation has immediately disqualified from service those who are single, widowed, divorced, separated, and/or gay, as well as the even slightly unhappily married." (Notice the exquisite delicacy of that "and/or.") The paper, of course, issued a groveling apology for its disgraceful lapse into marital-felicitarianism.

■ In the men's final of the United States Open at Flushing Meadows, a battle of the (relatively) aged Pete Sampras and Andre Agassi, the symbolism turned out to be more important than the score. The athletic demise of a great

player awes us as a kind of first death. He staves it off, but it is inevitable. This year, Sampras, losing repeatedly in the early rounds, seemed to die that death. But at the U.S. Open, he pulled a glorious resurrection. At 31, his lost magnificent serve, which drives his entire game, miraculously returned. His lifetime opponent, Agassi, 32, also blasted his way through a squadron of much younger opponents. Hungry generations may tread us down, as Keats said, but not this year. Together, Sampras and Agassi were symbols of hope, however temporary.

■ When a Soviet apparatchik suggested in 1983 that the United Nations decamp from the United States—the governors of New York and New Jersey had just denied landing rights to Soviet foreign minister Andrei Gromyko after the U.S.S.R. shot down Korean Air Lines Flight 007, killing 269—Ambassador Charles M. Lichenstein had a ready reply. “If, in the judicious determination of the members of the United Nations, they feel they were not welcome and treated with the hostly consideration that is their due, the United States strongly encourages member states to seriously consider removing themselves and this organization from the soil of the United States,” he said. “We will put no impediment in your way, and we will be at dockside bidding you a farewell as you set off into the sunset.” It was one of the great quips of the Cold War, provoking a phony outrage from the world’s grand pooh-bahs and inspiring a delighted approval from the American people. On August 28, at the age of 75, Lichenstein set off into the sunset himself. He was a model of conservative erudition and a lifelong friend of freedom. R.I.P.

■ The bland, the rude, the huggers, the yellow-ribbon-tiers, the mentally challenged, and the trespassers of emotional boundaries will breathe easier after this issue when Miss Florence King, who has abused them all in The Misanthrope’s Corner for

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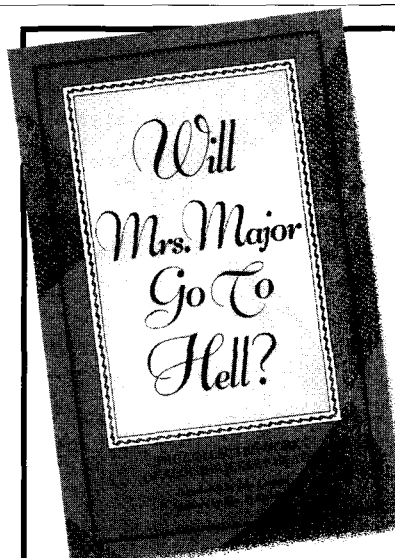
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ten years, will lay down her columnist's pen. H. L. Mencken once wrote that he had "never thrown a dead cat at a single honest and intelligent man." So it was with Miss King; but oh, the rotted felines she tossed at dolts. Readers who experience calamitous withdrawal symptoms—which is to say, all her readers—will have to reread their clippings of her columns, and her wonderful books. In the title of one of them, she called herself a "failed Southern lady." She was, and remains, our favorite Southern lady.

■ Sen. Dianne Feinstein, California Democrat, is just back from Europe, where she was impressed by the strength of anti-American sentiment. She has a U.S. flag pin, she says, but "I was embarrassed to wear it." Maybe she should stop wearing it, and we could all feel a little less embarrassed.

AT WAR

Moving Targets

THE immediate task before the United States is to topple the Ba'athist regime in Iraq. What are the objections?

Not surprisingly, they shift over time. During the summer, one heard that the Bush administration had not made its case. In fact, the president began making his case at least as long ago as his "Axis of Evil" speech, when he singled out Iraq, along with Iran and North Korea, as a state with the means to make weapons of mass destruction, and the will to use them. In his West Point speech, he argued that preemptive strikes against such regimes were legitimate.

As administration figures iterated these points, the complaint became that the issue had to be debated in Congress. Accordingly, after Labor Day, President Bush urged Congress "to have an open dialogue," a "debate the American people must hear." Many a congressman will be shown up in embarrassing postures. Sen. Chuck Hagel has been saying that only vets can have opinions about foreign policy; what then are his opinions? Sen. Bob Graham said we should be targeting Iran and Syria. Thanks for the tip, Bob, but if we were targeting them, isn't it possible you would be saying that we should target Iraq? Majority Leader Tom Daschle will move heaven and earth to delay any vote until the first Wednesday after the first Monday of November.

Conceding that Saddam is dangerous and that we must do something about him, other critics, notably former president Carter, urge us to demand a new round of inspections. They were crushingly answered by former secretary of state George Shultz in a *Washington Post* op-ed. Security Council resolutions have demanded inspections in Iraq since the end of the Gulf War. In February 1998, President Clinton and Secretary General Kofi Annan demanded unfettered and unrestricted access for U.N. inspectors. They didn't get it, and a new Security Council resolution in November 1998 condemned Iraq's stonewalling as a "flagrant violation." Inspectors cannot do their work because Saddam

Hussein will not let them; he will not let them because he is hellbent on developing his weapons. "Nothing has worked," Shultz concluded. "Any further steps will only provide him with more time and heighten the danger."

This disposes of a related complaint: that we must work through the U.N. We have, and the normal channels of U.N. diplomacy have failed. Would we then be going it alone? We already have allies giving us important logistical and military assistance: in the region, Turkey, Qatar, Kuwait, Oman; in Europe, Britain (Tony Blair declared that Saddam Hussein's Iraq was "a threat to the whole of the world"). As we continue to make our case, others will join us. If we have to move without the valiant warriors of Saudi Arabia, so be it.

Other arguments are base, or too subtle. Joe Lockhart, former White House press secretary, accused Bush of wagging the dog. "They were very, very anxious to change the subject away from the economy and the corporate-governance things and scandals." An ex-Clinton flack, worrying about scandals! Former Navy secretary James Webb argues that the Chinese will fish in troubled waters if we move on Iraq. So they will, but that is the risk of any action. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

Why should we go to war with Saddam Hussein? Let Colin Powell make the case. "Preemption or prevention," he said on Fox News Sunday, "is a concept that's been with us all along. It is not anything that's new and revolutionary. I think it has risen in the hierarchy of thinking these days because it's a different world after 9/11." Actually, it's the same world it was on 9/10; it is only that we are more aware of our vulnerability, and of the malice of our enemies. The International Institute for Strategic Studies in London announced on September 9 that Iraq could assemble a nuclear weapon within months with a little foreign help. It already has chemical and biological weapons, and an unknown number of medium-range missiles. These could be aimed not just at Israel but also at Europe. Weapons of mass destruction could be slipped, with appropriate cut-outs, to helpful terrorists worldwide. Czech intelligence continues to insist that hijacker Mohamed Atta met with an Iraqi agent in Prague. There are more Attas, and more agents, where they came from.

Self-defense is reason enough to act. It should not be safer to serve in Special Forces than to work for Cantor Fitzgerald. Regime change in Iraq could also produce a new model for Middle Eastern governance. It is wise to be skeptical of the democratic yearnings of other cultures. Slogans and aspirations have been spread worldwide, but old habits die hard. On the other hand, few in the Middle East have had the experience of a measure of freedom. We should not forget the simple and moving scenes that greeted the fall of the Taliban last autumn: men shaving their beards; women shedding their burkas; people listening to music and watching old Bollywood movies. No one welcomes oppression. Saddam's form of it is Napoleonic, rather than theocratic. Will there not also be dancing in the streets when he is gone?

Closing the Case

THE commemorations of 9/11 ranged from the unbearably poignant, to the dutiful. Altogether, there were too many of them. But how could anyone expect Americans, especially journalists, not to mark the anniversary of the worst attack on our country perhaps ever, certainly since Pearl Harbor? The ceremonies were necessarily incomplete, however, because many of the enemies who attacked us on 9/11 are still out there, and the war against them and their backers and well-wishers continues.

Because it is a war of stops and starts, some people have reached, for an analogy, to the Phony War—the early lull in World War II between the fall of Poland in the autumn of 1939 and the attack on Scandinavia, the Low Countries, and France in the spring of 1940. The classic satire of the Phony War is Evelyn Waugh's *Put out More Flags*, where the atmosphere of home-front jitters and pettiness is framed by the military and political predictions of two men, the young hero, Basil Seal, and his would-be mentor, Sir Joseph Mainwaring. Seal is the brash adventurer, always thinking outside the box; Sir Joseph is the voice of establishment opinion. Every-

thing both men think turns out to be utterly mistaken.

But the first year of the Terror War has not been a Phony War, exactly. In an operation of stunning speed and elegance, the United States destroyed al-Qaeda's Taliban puppet state in Afghanistan. If Osama bin Laden has not been frogmarched through Kabul, or down Broadway, he has at least been displaced and may well be dead. Al-Jazeera, the Arab *Pravda*, broadcast a tape suggesting that he is still alive, but consider the source. That battle has been accompanied by a patient and thorough build-up of our assets in the region, with the help of allies both local (Turkey) and traditional (Britain).

President Bush has shown that he sometimes lacks eloquence, but he has directness and, when he needs it, force, which are just as good. His closest advisers have served him well; even Colin Powell, since he does not define the mix, has been a useful part of it. Perhaps Al Gore would have risen to the occasion, if the Florida vote had been counted three or four more times. Bush has certainly done so.

Not that there haven't been failures. One of them arises from a deep-seated weakness Bush shares with the elite culture: Not even a mass murder by foreign-born plotters has caused him or our elites to relax their multiculturalism. Hence an incompetent like Norman Mineta stays as Transportation Secretary, trying to undo the internment of the Japanese six decades ago by imposing unreasonable burdens

"A Masterpiece of Historical Fiction..."

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A brainy thriller. Fast moving and based on historical events only all too real. The dialogue (always one of this author's strong points) is crisp and revelatory, and the dramatic momentum of the final hundred pages has a tumbling intensity. Literate, absorbing, and thought provoking. Buckley at his best.

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—The Baltimore Sun

Buckley knows what makes a novel tick.

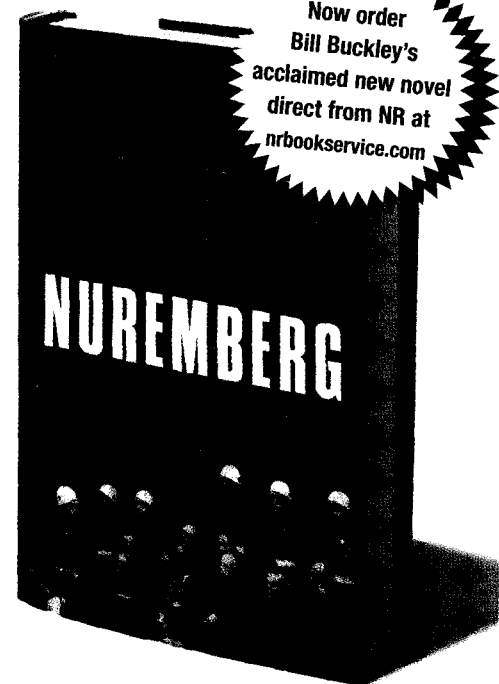
—The Denver Post

Within the flexible boundaries of a novel that has substance, style, and a firm grip on the plot, Buckley has fashioned a story of action against a real historical background. Before the powerful ending, every thread has been pulled remorselessly tight. Buckley's 14th novel is one of his best.

—Library Journal

Buckley displays his unmatched talent for fictionalizing key historical moments in this masterful account of the infamous trials.

—Booklist



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on everyone today, while refusing to subject obvious suspects to strict scrutiny. Another failure has been our fixation on Israeli-Palestinian diplomacy, in the endless effort to "fix" a problem that is both intractable and not ours. Israel can and should take care of itself. When the Palestinians tire of murder as a policy, perhaps they can begin to improve their own lot. Outside of government, the academic classes, from curriculum-pickers pushing deodorized Korans, to perverts like Noam Chomsky, have been useless or pernicious. Happily they seem to have no large-scale impact. The same, unfortunately, cannot be said of the *New York Times*, which apes them, although with every week the more responsible

Washington Post steals another bit of its authoritative thunder.

The great questions, not yet answered, are: Will we stay the course? Can we bear the evils and setbacks that our enemies are planning, and that they may well inflict? After the first grim day of the Battle of Shiloh, General Sherman sought out his commander, Ulysses Grant, on the rain-soaked field to plan the inevitable retreat. "We've had the devil's own day," Sherman commented. "Yes," said Grant, biting a cigar. "Lick 'em tomorrow." Grant did lick the Confederates the next day, but the cost was high, and Shiloh occurred only in April 1862. There would be three years of tomorrows before that war was done. We should expect no less.

■ NOTES & ASIDES ■

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: Re Mr. Magee's letter (N&A, June 3):

At age 86, I have had many encounters with current usage or slang. I usually find them piquant or refreshing.

I like the shorthand of "9/11." It says so much, so quickly. I wish all the taxicabs in New York City had bumper stickers reading:

"REMEMBERING 9/11 24/7."

Sincerely,
Carol C. Carlisle
Lake Jackson, Tex.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: You were entirely too easy on Dr. Skapa of Denver (July 15), who quibbled about NR's use of "six-month anniversary." You wrote that he is right, but I respectfully disagree.

Certainly anniversaries are annual events. But after six months, we are half-way to the first anniversary. If one chooses to recognize that fact at that time, does the observation not mark a "half-year anniversary"? And since half a year is six months, is a half-year anniversary not also a six-month anniversary?

Sincerely,
Peter R. Devine
Bedford, Mass.

Oh, come on, Devine, you're a good advocate but you refuse to acknowledge the heavy iron cage built around the word "anniversary." The way

you're going, you'd authorize "first-week anniversary."

"The English language is wonderful," someone wrote a while back, "but there are some things you just can't do with it."

Things like a six-month anniversary, which has to be, however periphrastically, six months after, or since.

Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: Please clarify the usage of two words in NATIONAL REVIEW that differs from what I thought to be correct.

First, NR uses a lowercase "e" when referring to a specific country's embassy (the same is true for "consulate"). As a proper noun, shouldn't "U.S. Embassy" be capitalized?

Second, shouldn't the "e" in "E-mail" also be capitalized? I have read that a single letter combined with another word to form one object (e.g., T-shirt) should always be capitalized.

Can you clarify?

Respectfully,
Rob Lisch
Tampa, Fla.

Dear Mr. Lisch: That last rule sounds right, but it is very hard to impose rules in the cyberworld because the organic drive is to minimize. As you will have noted, the vector in usage and punctuation is toward stoicism: Note that quotation marks are often disdained. I'm glad to see you using

parentheses, which appear to be on the way out.

Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: As a self-confessed English-language purist, I have observed some laughable transgressions among news anchors, commentators, and reporters. They have no clue as to the proper use of "who" and "whom." Their rule of thumb seems to be: When wanting to appear like a regular guy, use "who," when wanting to appear hoity-toity, use "whom."

Also, the useful, if specialized, word "literally" is thrown in as a catch-all adverb in nearly every sentence. Worse, they often misuse the word, inadvertently creating low comedy. Some examples:

—"He was literally born with a silver spoon in his mouth."

—"The wide receiver literally flew into the end zone."

—"It is literally raining cats and dogs."

Thanks for letting me get this off my chest.

Sam Woods
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Mr. Woods: Yes. I take my complaint even further. "Literally," as commonly used, means now not-literally. It is raining hard, but not with cats and dogs.

Cordially,

—WFB

The Great Escape

The U.S. helped the bin Ladens leave the country immediately after 9/11. Why?

BYRON YORK

BILL CARTER, the FBI spokesman, is adamant. "We were given full access to the individuals on that plane," he says, "and we were satisfied that we did not believe any of those individuals had anything to do with the 9/11 plots."

The plane to which Carter refers was an aircraft chartered by the Saudi government in the days after the terrorist attacks. The individuals were two dozen members of Osama bin Laden's extended family who had been living in the United States. Saying they were afraid that family members might suffer retribution in the U.S., the Saudis asked for American assistance in getting them out of the country. With the help of the FBI, the Saudis and the bin Laden family chartered an aircraft to pick up family members in Los Angeles, Orlando, and Washington, D.C. The bin Laden plane then flew the relatives to Boston, where—one week after the attacks—the group left Logan Airport bound for Jeddah.

At the time, the massive 9/11 investigation was just beginning. The government had begun detaining hundreds of people who were held for days, weeks, or months while U.S. agents performed extensive background checks and interviews. In addition, the government announced its intention to question thousands of men from Muslim countries who might simply have known something of interest to the investigation. "The Department of Justice is waging a deliberate campaign of arrest and detention to protect American lives," Attorney General John Ashcroft said on November 27.

But the bin Ladens did not have to worry about that. While FBI agents



The bin Ladens by Roman Genn

looked into bin Laden family members in the Boston area immediately after September 11, it appears that the agents' first chance to interview them—or other family members who lived elsewhere in the country—came on the day they left the U.S. Each family member was given the all-clear on the basis of a single, day-of-departure interview—conducted, in Bill Carter's words, "at the airport, as they were about to leave."

Asked by NATIONAL REVIEW whether the FBI had conducted a full and thorough investigation of all the family members before allowing them to go, Carter repeated his earlier statement: "The FBI had an opportunity to interview the individuals on that plane, and we were satisfied with the information they provided." Asked again, he said the same thing. "Unless you have evidence to stop them

from leaving the country, they have every right to do that," Carter explained. "The bin Laden family is very large, and for the most part are involved in legitimate enterprises. The fact of the matter is that because of September 11, some of these individuals felt it would be better to leave the country. They have every right to do that."

But some law-enforcement experts found the abbreviated investigation puzzling. "That's highly unusual, and they could not have done a thorough and complete interview," said John L. Martin, the former chief of internal security for the Justice Department. "It was obvious at the time that the Bureau did not have the kind of intelligence to know who was behind [the September 11 attacks], how they were financed, and what the U.S. connections might have been." Also, Martin said, "It is an absolute rule of law enforcement that the agent or officers conducting the interviews control the interview, and that the persons of interest, suspects, or prospective defendants do not set the ground rules for the interview."

In addition, it is a routine law-enforcement practice to question—sometimes repeatedly and in great detail—family members of suspects in murder cases. Investigators do not usually presume that a relative has no connection or knowledge of a crime; instead, they usually conduct an investigation to make sure the relatives can be eliminated as suspects or witnesses. While that is going on, the instincts of law enforcement are normally to freeze all potential suspects and witnesses in place until the investigation has reached some conclusions.

What raises even more questions about the FBI's handling of the bin Ladens is that in the days immediately after the attack, law-enforcement agencies were nearly overwhelmed by the task of unraveling the plot and uncovering al-Qaeda's complex worldwide financial network. Investigators were still trying to retrace the hijackers' steps and learn who might have assisted them along the way. They were also facing the enormous job of trying to uncover any other terrorist cells that might be in the country. The FBI in particular was almost back on its

heels, suffering from (it was revealed later) a lack of communication between its various offices about key evidence in the case.

And the bin Ladens seemed an obvious choice for intensive investigation. Most press accounts of the family state flatly that the relatives are estranged from Osama bin Laden and condemn his work. *But bin Laden has more than 50 siblings, and it is perhaps overly optimistic to think that every single one of them not only does not approve of his actions but also has no knowledge of his support and financing. Besides, there are several published reports that suggest otherwise.*

In October 2001, ABC News interviewed a sister-in-law of Osama bin Laden, who was asked whether bin Laden family members had given money to Osama. "I don't know that," Carmen bin Laden answered, "but my opinion is yes . . . I think they would say, okay, this is—for Islam they would give. You know, for Islam they would give." Carmen bin Laden is the estranged wife of Osama bin Laden's brother Yeslam, who runs the Saudi Investment Company in Switzerland. Family friends have contradicted her account, but in March of this year, French police searched Yeslam bin Laden's villa in Cannes, reportedly looking for evidence of terrorism-related money laundering involving the Saudi Investment Company. Swiss police also searched other properties connected to the firm.

In addition, investigators believe that another bin Laden relative, Osama's brother-in-law Mohammed Jamal Khalifa, is thought to be an important figure in al-Qaeda. Khalifa has been linked to Ramzi Yousef, the mastermind of the 1993 World Trade Center bombing, as well as to the October 2000 bombing of the USS *Cole*. Khalifa is also thought to have provided crucial start-up money to Abu Sayyaf, the Philippine terrorist group.

Then there are the bin Ladens' alleged ties to a Bahamas-based bank that is suspected of laundering money to terrorist groups. And, finally, there are Osama bin Laden's communications with his stepmother, Al-Khalifa bin Laden. He reportedly called her days before September 11 to tell her that "something big" would soon take place.

It may turn out that no one among the bin Ladens in America knew anything about any of the people involved or any of their businesses. It is true that the family members had been the subject of some scrutiny in the past. "That family had been looked at very, very carefully in the two-year period leading up to September 11," after the al-Qaeda bombings of American embassies in East Africa, said retired CIA official Vince Cannistraro. But the fact that the September 11 attacks occurred raises obvious questions about how thorough the U.S. law-enforcement and intelligence agencies' investigation of bin Laden was. In light of that, how much did the FBI know about the bin Laden family when it allowed them to leave the country? And could investigators have learned everything they needed to know on the basis of the day-of-departure airport interviews?

It's hard to reconstruct precisely how the departures were arranged. The only public statement the Saudis have made was in October 2001, when Prince Bandar, the Saudi ambassador to the U.S., said on CNN, "His Majesty said it's not fair for these innocent people to be subjected to any harm. On the other hand, we understood the high emotions. So with the coordination with the FBI, we got them all out." Otherwise, officials at the Saudi embassy in Washington decline to comment.

When NR called an official at Logan Airport, he said, "You have to talk to the State Department. They're the ones who set it up." But a State Department source said the department "played no role" in the matter. "This is not something we would have brokered," the source said. "Bandar does not need Foggy Bottom to get a phone call returned by the White House." That seemed a clear hint that the White House was involved, but the White House declined immediate comment, saying it would look into the matter.

However it happened, the bin Ladens are long gone. Some have returned, at least for visits—they live in an international set that divides its time among Jeddah, London, Paris, and New York. Others have stayed away. Now, a year after 9/11, should U.S. law enforcement ever need them, investigators will know where they are—in Saudi Arabia, out of reach.

NR

■ AT WAR II ■

The Fire Last Time

What doves, and hawks,
got wrong in the first Gulf War

RAMESH PONNURU

ADVOCATES of a war on Iraq can be forgiven for some exasperation with the doves' demands for a debate. For one thing, these demands often serve as a substitute for their actually engaging in it by taking a clear position. For another, the hawks tend to think that we already had this debate—twelve years ago. James Robbins recently wrote on National Review Online: "The same [antiwar] points are being made today as [in] 1990, frequently by the same people." The doves made fools of themselves then with predictions of military disaster; why should their counsel be sought now?

Robbins has the critics dead to rights. Many of the antiwar arguments really are remarkably similar: The Iraqi army



Pat Buchanan by Roman Genn

is highly loyal to Saddam Hussein and will fight to the end; the Bush administration lacks sufficient support from Republicans, the American public, the Europeans, or the Arabs to go forward; action will only provoke Hussein to use weapons of mass destruction; Israel will be drawn into the war, and the "Arab street" will rise up against us. Then as now, Pat Buchanan was charging the hawks with pursuing Israel's interests rather than America's.

Above all, the critics warned that there would be massive American casualties. Chris Matthews, then a columnist, wrote, "The casualties will strike at the heart of the country." Barbara Boxer, then a congresswoman from Marin County, said that 3–4,000 dead was "the best-case scenario." Robert Novak and the late Rowland Evans reported that the minimum was 20,000 casualties. A ground assault on Iraqi-occupied Kuwait would mean "tens of thousands of U.S. dead," warned Buchanan. Sen. Paul Wellstone spoke for all of them: "We stand on the brink of catastrophe."

In the event, the public and the allies supported Bush, the Iraqi army turned out to be a paper tiger, and fewer than 150 Americans lost their lives in combat. The fact that the Cassandras were spectacularly wrong last time does not, of course, prove that they are wrong this time. But one might have expected them to issue fewer confident predictions of doom, or even to reconsider their assumptions. Nothing of the sort has occurred. The above worthies and their like-minded peers seem to have learned only one thing from Gulf War I: Don't put specific numbers on casualty estimates. We are still sure to get mired in the next quag. Hardly anyone even bothers to call the anti-warriors on their statements from 1990–91.

There is no accountability in the world of punditry (and a good thing, too, for those of us who bet that Al Gore would be our 43rd president). But there are other reasons that Gulf War I has not damaged the doves' standing, and some of those reasons hold lessons for the hawks.

The debate this time is different in several ways. Political circumstances have changed. Some of the changes have made it easier for the hawks to

prevail. This President Bush is more popular than his father was in the run-up to the last war. The public, made hawkish by last year's terrorist attacks, is more supportive of action against Iraq than it was then. Among conservatives, the opinion leaders who opposed the first Gulf War are much less influential than they were in the early '90s.

One might have expected the Cassandras to issue fewer confident predictions of doom.

Buchanan, Joseph Sobran, and Samuel Francis have all been marginalized: a result of their opponents' ruthlessness, they would say; of their own folly, the opponents would retort.

On the other hand, the debate this time is murkier. The administration has not always communicated a clear purpose. The first Bush administration had internal disagreements about Iraq as

substantial as this one does, but it mostly kept them internal. The Democrats, most of whom opposed Gulf War I, especially in the Senate, are being circumspect this time. The polls make them leery of opposing the president outright on Iraq. Instead, they keep raising the bar for action. Tom Daschle first wanted Bush to explain why we had to end the Iraqi regime. Now he's asking why ending it is more urgent than it was two years ago.

This war is different from the last one, most importantly, in its objective. Gulf War I aimed to restore the *status quo ante* Iraq's invasion of Kuwait, not to overthrow the Iraqi regime. This difference has led some of yesteryear's hawks, or apparent hawks, to become doves for this season. Opposition to war with Iraq includes not only those who wrongly predicted a debacle in the last war, but many of those who led that war.

In relation to Gulf War I, then, many contemporary hawks are fighting a two-front battle, criticizing both the first Bush administration's peacenik critics and the administration itself, for

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not driving on to Baghdad. That second line of criticism reportedly drives former president Bush up the wall. It's easy to sympathize with him. Madeleine Albright last year carped that Bush should have "finished the job in the Gulf War." Never mind that she opposed Gulf War I herself, would surely have condemned Bush for recklessness if he had gone on to Baghdad, served in an administration that left every element of Iraq policy weaker than it had found it—and now opposes going to war to do the very job she now says should have been done in 1991.

■
**Our achievement
 in Gulf War I, though too
 limited, was real.**
 ■

It is not quite true, as the former president has claimed, that nobody at the time wanted to force regime change in Iraq. (NATIONAL REVIEW and the *Wall Street Journal* both called for it. Perhaps Bush père, who never appeared to pay close attention to their advice, missed those editorials.) But it would certainly have been a startling enterprise. Neither our allies nor the public had been prepared for a campaign to do anything more than drive Iraq from Kuwait. Maybe everyone would have gone along with Bush had he seized the moment—in the months after the war, polls found the public disagreeing with the early end to the war and favoring Saddam's removal from power—but maybe they wouldn't have. Nor was Bush foolish to fear the possible consequences of tyrannicide. An occupation of several years might have been necessary to keep Iraq from flying apart and other wars from breaking out; Congress had not signed on to that. Finally, Bush had reason to hope that victory in Kuwait would itself lead to a better situation in Baghdad.

If Bush's decision was not obviously foolish at the time, however, in retrospect it can be seen that it was a mistake—indeed, America's worst foreign-policy mistake of the last 50 years. (Or rather, mistakes, since the rebellions later that year provided an opportunity

to strike again.) In time, Saddam Hussein came to be seen as having outfoxed us. We looked weak and irresolute, and our ability to lead an anti-Iraqi coalition in the region accordingly declined. In truth, we were irresolute, and inattentive: Our resolve to contain and to undermine the regime weakened. Our continued presence in Saudi Arabia, itself a consequence of the Iraqi regime's survival, was meanwhile a provocation to Islamists.

And so both hawks and doves regard Gulf War I, in different though overlapping respects, as a failure. That shared assessment makes it very hard for the hawks to use the doves' opposition to it to discredit them. The assessment is, however, an overstatement. Our achievement in the war, though too limited, was real. The world would have been a much worse place over the last decade—and it would be a worse place now—had Ba'athist Iraq been allowed to absorb Kuwait (let alone if it had also annexed portions of Saudi Arabia).

Such an Iraqi victory would have radicalized regimes throughout the region and the world. Especially if America had sent troops to the Gulf and then refrained from using them—which is what the Democrats voted for in January 1991—anti-Americanism would have grown more assertive worldwide. Aggression would have been rewarded with wealth and prestige, and other dictators would have drawn the appropriate lesson. Saddam Hussein would probably have gotten his nukes sometime in the last decade.

The lesson that hawks should draw from Gulf War I, then, is not just that the doves were wrong (although they were) or even that the hawks stopped too soon (though they did). It is also that our war aims were inadequately defined. They could be again. Is our goal the elimination of Saddam? A non-totalitarian Iraq? Or a fledgling democracy there? Should a freer international market in oil be among our objectives?

It would be quixotic to expect a political settlement for a post-war Iraq to be worked out before the fighting begins. Nor do all of our war aims necessarily have to be declared explicitly. But it is not too soon for us to reach some agreement on what we imagine victory would look like.

NR

■ AT WAR III ■

‘An Aroused Citizenry’

How democracies go to war

VICTOR DAVIS HANSON

WE associate democracies with peace, and thus think that it is hard to convince thousands of free citizens to support a war. But we need not despair about getting democratic approval for the action against Iraq. Herodotus wrote that it was easier to convince thousands of free Athenians than a few skeptical Spartan oligarchs to go to war. In fact, consensual governments have never been averse to fighting—read Thucydides' account of how the frenzied Athenian assembly insisted that their generals invade Sicily. Indeed, once democracies get their blood up, free citizens—not their professional generals—prove to be the truly bellicose. Nicias the Athenian, George McClellan, and perhaps our current reluctant Pentagon hierarchy have all learned the peril of standing in the way of an aroused citizenry.

Democracies are actually war-prone owing to their very moral conceit—their confidence in the superiority of their culture and system of government—and the ease by which a simple majority vote of their legislatures can instantaneously mobilize an entire society for war. Ancient Athens fought three out of every four years in the 5th century B.C. because its triremes sailed soon after a majority of citizens wanted them to. And it was defeated only when Sparta, most of the Greek world, and satraps of the Persian Empire ganged up against it. In the last 20 years,

Mr. Hanson is a classicist and military historian, and author most recently of *An Autumn of War*. He is currently visiting Shifrin Professor of Military History at the United States Naval Academy. His views are not necessarily shared by the Academy.

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during a time of "peace," the U.S. has fought in Afghanistan, Bosnia, Grenada, Iraq, Kosovo, Kuwait, Lebanon, Libya, Panama, Serbia, Sudan, and Somalia against a motley array of theocrats, dictators, Communists, thugs, thieves, and gangs.

Republican Rome battled almost constantly in the 3rd and 2nd centuries B.C., the Senate precipitating the Third Punic War on the brutal premise that Carthage at last must fall before it sired a second Hannibal. And as Thucydides noted of democratic Syracuse's successful resistance against Athens, and Athens's own amazing recovery after the loss of its armada, democracies actually fight exceedingly well when aroused and on the rebound—once citizens realize that their collective fate rests in their own hands.

It is often alleged that electorates tend to lose their vigilance during long and luxuriant periods of peace, lacking the discipline to tax themselves for defense or to risk preemptive strikes against bellicose tyrannies. Here we think of the Venetian republic that was content to help in defeating the Ottomans at Lepanto, but had no wish for the more arduous sacrifices necessary for a drawn-out struggle to end the Turkish menace for good. By 1936 America and Britain had a pretty good idea what Hitler and Tojo were about; but it was nearly impossible to rouse a peacetime populace, still wounded by World War I and in an economic depression, to mobilize against an enemy whose evil was for a time more theoretical and distant than proximate and concrete. The Wall Street boom of the 1990s made affluent and complacent Americans wary about responding with real force to the first World Trade Center bombing, the terrorist attacks on our embassies and barracks overseas, and the near sinking of the USS *Cole*.

Moreover, anticipatory moves to destroy embryonic evil are sometimes felt to be antithetical to the pretensions of lawful and legitimate societies. Republican Rome always sought a *casus belli* that would make it appear as victim rather than aggressor—all to convince its free citizens that the commonwealth was reluctantly warding off attack rather than seeking out enemies. Being attacked first is desirable for modern democracies as well, which seem to be hesitant in initiating

even justifiable hostilities—a complacency that can lead to near disaster.

Imperial Germany, Hitler's Nazis, the Japanese, and the North Koreans all precipitated hostilities, prompting democratic retaliation that was late, costly, and only successful after years of struggle. Would not millions have been saved had the democracies moved earlier and in force? In contrast, more recently, the U.S. has attacked odious regimes in Grenada, Panama, Iraq, Kosovo, Serbia, and Afghanistan—even though none of those governments initiated formal aggression against it. Critics of all such interventions have objected to the absence of a declaration of war, the curtailment of diplomacy, and the risking of young lives. But the burden of history rests upon them to study carefully the costs incurred in such fighting vis-à-vis those far more numerous innocents saved by the removal or defeat of such murderous leaders.

■
**Once democracies are
attacked, they rally almost
immediately and fight
furiously.**
■

Are today's Grenada, Panama, Kosovo, Serbia, and Afghanistan better or worse places? Did the U.S. intervention leave them with greater or less hope for the future? The answer is obvious. Indeed, the failure to march to Baghdad in 1991 might well prove the most costly mistake of the post-Cold War era. The inability to end Saddam Hussein's regime resulted in the death of thousands of innocent Kurds and Shiites, and a decade of dangerous vigilance against a tyrant in hot pursuit of weapons of mass destruction.

But it bears repeating: Once democracies are attacked, they rally almost immediately and fight furiously. It is hard to cite examples—other than the precipitous collapse of France in 1940, and that of a few eastern European republics shortly before—in which comparably sized autocracies defeated their democratic adversaries. Germany, Italy, and Japan all fell to free armies. Even the huge and once victorious Soviet Union finally collapsed. More recently, we have seen the British defeat a dictatorial Argentina far

from home—and a surrounded Israel ward off the vast forces of dictators for nearly a half-century.

What is it about democracy that creates such military power? It is the majority of the voting populace itself that is responsible for victory or defeat. In a democracy, no one can blame a mad Hitler or Tojo for leading the country unwillingly and precipitously to war; the war therefore has a legitimacy that translates to an élan of the battlefield.

Democracies, composed as they are of free men, also tend to encourage innovation, individuality, and spontaneity—which result in technological advance, imaginative leadership, and industrial flexibility. By the same token, free expression—even in its most unfettered and almost reckless manifestations—is not really antithetical to the war effort. Nearly 2,500 years ago Pericles pointed out that the secrets that are lost through the indulgences of an open society are more than counterbalanced by the collective knowledge gained through candid and unfettered advice.

Consensual governments also are more likely to entertain open markets. True, autocracies and Communist regimes can marshal labor and capital through coercion, but ultimately they fail to produce the same quality and quantity of weaponry that free societies create. It is not an accident that the autocratic Ottomans copied their cannon from the republican Venetians—or that the unfree Islamic world today imports jets, tanks, and artillery from a democratic West.

A number of scholars have taken solace in the truism that democracies do not often fight one another. In the ancient world that was not so true, as Athens invaded democratic Syracuse, and later fought a democratic Thebes. The Boers and Confederates had congresses of sorts in their wars against parliamentary England and our own federal government, which earlier had fought each other. But in the 20th century the platitude about a harmony among democratic states appeared increasingly valid: Consensual governments not only seldom lose, but they also rarely fight one another.

Realists warn us against engaging in naïve nation-building efforts; they point out that Jeffersonian democracy does not spring from societies that have no prior record of lawfulness, a viable middle class,



Drug Testing Fails at School and Work

~ Since marijuana remains detectable for as long as a month (while alcohol, heroin and cocaine for only a day or two¹), testing will encourage students and workers to switch to more dangerous drugs. Can you imagine anything dumber?

~ The most effective method of preventing adolescent drug abuse is keeping youths active and learning after school when many parents are working and kids are not supervised.² Why would we want to put up barriers to kids participating in after school activities?

~ The most effective schools put in place a student assistance program that allows youngsters to anonymously seek or be referred to counseling if they show signs of problems. Shouldn't students perceive school administrators as their mentors rather than an extension of the police?

~ Based on 9% of schools that have some form of drug testing, the National Academy of Sciences reports: **"there is no scientific evidence regarding the effects of these programs, either on drug use or on the learning environment."**³

~ One school system rejected testing when it found it would cost \$8 million annually to test its 75,000 athletes at its 171 high schools.⁴ That's \$46,000 per high school . . . \$106 per student tested.

Let's Keep Our Kids Busy, Monitor Their Performance and Communicate.

Kevin B. Zeese, President, Common Sense for Drug Policy

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202-299-9780 * 202-518-4028 (fax)

¹ Hawks and Chiang, "Examples of Specific Drug Assays, Urine Testing for Drugs of Abuse", Research Monograph No. 73 (1986); McBay, "Interpretation of Blood and Urine Cannabinoid Concentrations", 33 J. Forensic Sci 875-83 (1988); Ambre, J. et al, "Urinary Excretion of Cocaine Benzoylecgonine and Ecgonine Methyl Ester in Human", J. Analytical Toxicology (1988); Ellis et al, "Excretion Patterns of Cannabinoid Metabolites After Last Use in a Group of Chronic Users, 38 Clinical Pharmacology & Therapeutics", 572-78 (1985).

² Carmona, Maria and Kathryn Stewart. (1996). "A Review of Alternative Activities and Alternative Programs in Youth-Oriented Prevention" CSAP Technical Report No. 13. Washington, DC: Center for Substance Abuse Prevention/ Substance Abuse and Mental Health Administration/ Department of Health and Human Services; Tierney, Joseph P, Jean Baldwin Grossman, and Nancy L. Resch. (1995 November). *Making a Difference: An Impact Study of Big Brothers/Big Sisters*. P. 49. Philadelphia, PA: Public/Private Ventures; N. Zill, C. Nord, & L. Loomis, "Adolescent Time Use, Risky Behavior, And Outcomes 52 (1995)."

³ National Research Council, "Informing America's Policy on Illegal Drugs, 2001", page 203.

⁴ Nancy Trejos and Alan Goldenbach, "Schools Uneasy on Random Drug Tests Area Students, Parents Cite Privacy Concerns After High Court Ruling; Others Point to Costs", *Washington Post*, June 28, 2002, B-1.

or widespread literacy. Yet recent events in the post-Cold War era suggest that democracy is, in fact, a very pragmatic principle upon which to build foreign policy—since its creation abroad tends to lessen the chance of war with liberal states such as our own. Few doubt that the current government in Afghanistan is less dangerous than the Taliban. Indeed, elections in a postbellum Iraq would not only be a vast improvement over the ghouliness of Saddam Hussein, but might prove the basis for a far more stable, humane, and friendly state than the so-called moderate dictatorships and cabals nearby in Egypt, Saudi Arabia, and Jordan.

There are more democracies in the world today than ever before. The specter of sabotage of frail republics by a global and murderous Soviet Communism is long past. And contact with a liberal West through global communications and easy residence in Europe and America has created a new class of reformers eager to see the same sort of freedoms replace the repressive regimes in their home countries. The old starry-eyed support for democracy has, in this new age, become a matter of cold realism—a wise and calculated policy of encouraging elections that can make more and more nations both stable and friendly to the United States. **NR**

■ CAPITOL HILL ■

Majority Report

Can Republicans hold the House?

KATE O'BEIRNE

SINCE 1994, when Republicans won 54 seats and took control of the House for the first time in 40 years, their majority in that chamber has dwindled to a perilous six votes. This handful of GOP seats has meant victory in the House for virtually all of President Bush's domestic agenda. What happens next—that is to say, whether the House becomes Speaker Gephardt's graveyard for the president's priorities during the remainder of his term—depends on the GOP's ability to defend its majority this November. Although in early September most observers give the edge to the GOP, the political environment remains chancy.

That the president seriously wants a Republican House is a safe bet. Prior to Labor Day, Vice President Cheney had made appearances to boost GOP candidates in almost every competitive district; and the president himself had raised well over \$100 million in 50 fundraising events. Furthermore, while White House advisers typically hesitate to risk a president's popularity in tough local races, President Bush's clout is being tested where GOP wins aren't a sure bet. On one day in early September, he campaigned for the Republican candidate for an open Democratic seat in Indiana and for an endangered GOP incumbent in Kentucky. Majority Whip Tom DeLay sees the Bush White House as more helpful to congressional candidates than any previous one of either party.

As in years past, there are relatively few competitive House races this campaign season. When the risk-averse parties divvied up the spoils during the redistricting after the 2000 census, the

Republicans netted only a small advantage; as a result, over 90 percent of incumbents fit comfortably in districts designed for perpetual job security. Although there is at least some competition in about 56 races, Republicans currently see only 35 seats as potential toss-ups. Atypically, however, some veteran members are among the most vulnerable: Thanks to redistricting that has them campaigning in less friendly territory, Maryland's Connie Morella and North Carolina's Robin Hayes are on the endangered list. Republican incumbents in Connecticut, Pennsylvania, and Mississippi have been tossed into districts where they face Democratic incumbents. And Republicans Anne Northup in Kentucky and Heather Wilson in New Mexico again face tough races of the kind they have had since they were first elected.

Few House freshmen are among the most vulnerable members; Jim Ellis, executive director of Tom DeLay's leadership PAC, attributes this to the Democrats' inability to recruit formidable opponents. "I think it's the 'minority mindset' setting in," explains Ellis, who recognizes that when Democrats were in the majority in Congress, Republicans had difficulty persuading state lawmakers to forfeit their posts to make an uphill fight in the hope of serving with a frustrated congressional minority. In addition, the recruiting season was already over when corporate scandals spread far beyond Enron, the budget deficit ballooned, and the war on terrorism appeared to stall.

Ellis thinks the GOP can expect to pick up two to seven seats, but his analysis of the competitive races underscores that the parties' opportunities are evenly matched. The GOP's current polls indicate that 24 of the 35 most competitive contests lean Republican. Given the fact that a couple of open GOP seats are in jeopardy, if Republicans won all 24 of those races, they would *still* have a net loss of two seats, and see their majority shrink from six seats to just four. There's clearly very little margin for error, and this ought to dictate caution in making any ultimate prediction. The eleven remaining toss-ups include six Republican seats, one Democratic seat, two incumbent-vs.-incumbent matches, and two new seats. Should Democrats take

The Right Reaction NATIONAL REVIEW

"I'm not a political conservative, but one of my favorite publications is William F. Buckley's NATIONAL REVIEW."



—Liz Smith, from her syndicated column

more than their share of these toss-ups, or a few unpleasant surprises deny the GOP victories in some of the races now leaning their way, there will be a Democratic majority in the House.

GOP pollster David Winston cautiously ventures that Republicans will "barely" hold the majority. Winston adds four new elements in this year's election to the conventional mix that has the White House party losing seats in the off year. He points out, first, that there is a rare divergence between the number of people who approve of the president—Bush's numbers are high—and the number of those who think the country is headed in the right direction. What happens, electorally, to the party of a president who is viewed favorably, but as presiding over a country "heading in the wrong direction"?

Second, the stock market this year is an issue distinct from the perennial issues of "jobs" and "the economy." Winston thinks that politicians and the media are unsure how to handle the health of the market as a political issue. Club for Growth

president Stephen Moore has his own election-forecasting formula: "If the market is below 8,500 the Republicans lose, if it's above 8,500 they win." Moore sees the slumping stock market as only one of many issues that have Republicans playing defense. "Even our best candidates are on the defensive on corporate scandals, the budget deficit, Social Security, and the stock market," he says.

The third unique factor facing politicians this year is that the country remains so evenly divided between the parties: For the first time in over 100 years, the public has gone through three election cycles without really committing to either party. Fourth and finally, the results in some recent primaries offer evidence of what Winston calls the "values shifting" that has been at work since 9/11: In Georgia, Bob Barr and Cynthia McKinney were both called to task by

erstwhile supporters who became less enamored with their sharp edges since the terrorist attacks. And in New York, Andrew Cuomo was forced out of his primary race owing in part to Democratic voters' disapproval of his partisan assault on Republican governor George Pataki's role in the aftermath of 9/11.

If one legacy of last September's attacks is the public's impatience with politicians who appear to be trying to rack up partisan points on important issues like corporate corruption and the war on terrorism, President Bush should be able to draw on the reservoir of scrupulous nonpartisanship he has

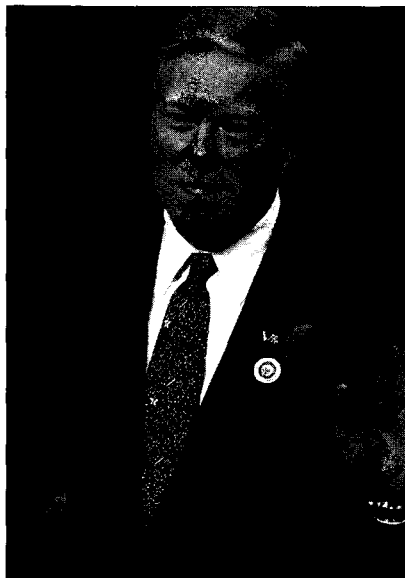
built up since coming to Washington as "a uniter, not a divider." Over the next several weeks, war with Iraq will preoccupy Congress—and playing politics with the war on terrorism could be fatal for Democrats.

Republicans already enjoy a name-brand advantage with the public when it comes to personal-safety issues. In a recent *Los Angeles Times* poll, the GOP had a commanding

two-to-one advantage on handling the issue of national security and terrorism. The 51 to 25 percent margin Republicans enjoy on this issue among registered voters is far greater than the negligible advantage Democrats now have on the economy and the budget deficit. During a recent appearance on *Meet the Press*, Rep. Nita Lowey of New York, who heads her party's congressional campaign committee, did the familiar Democratic dance on the war: She quickly partnered cheek to cheek with the president on fighting terrorism, before sidestepping away to implausibly insist that domestic issues will dominate this year's campaigns.

The war on terrorism, including the military action against Iraq, will shape the battle for the House. President Bush has no margin for error in either fight.

NR



Stephen Jaife/Agence France Presse

Speaker Gephardt? It will be close.

■ ABROAD ■

Dark Hearts

Exploiting Africa, for guilt
and electoral gain

ANTHONY DANIELS

TONY BLAIR, who not long ago discovered what he called a "passion for Africa," attended the recent conference on sustainable development in Johannesburg—and came upon one of that continent's somber realities: Zimbabwe's president-for-life, Robert Mugabe.

Mugabe did not mince his words. Referring to the British government's posturing over his corrupt and economically disastrous expropriation of half of the commercial farms in Zimbabwe still in white hands—and also to Britain's colonial past—he told him: "Blair, keep your England, and let us keep our Zimbabwe." What must have been particularly galling for Blair—who has striven to present himself as the friend, if not the savior, of Africa—was that Mugabe's outburst was greeted by spontaneous applause. Indeed, Sam Nujoma, the president of Namibia, proceeded to weigh in with a suggestion that Zimbabwe's land problem was all Britain's fault anyway. Poor Mr. Blair: to have so carefully nurtured a reputation for political correctness with regard to Africa, only to find himself branded a colonialist and a racist! It was a *bien-pensant's* worst nightmare come to life.

In some ways, though, Mugabe and Blair have more in common than might at first appear. Both appeal to emotion rather than reason. In the case of Mugabe, the appeal is to the visceral bitterness against whites that many of his supporters still harbor—a feeling understandably born not only of the slights they endured for so long, but of envy and a nagging sense of inferiority. It is emotionally satisfying for his supporters to

Mr. Daniels is a doctor, novelist, and journalist in England. Among his books is *Utopias Elsewhere*.

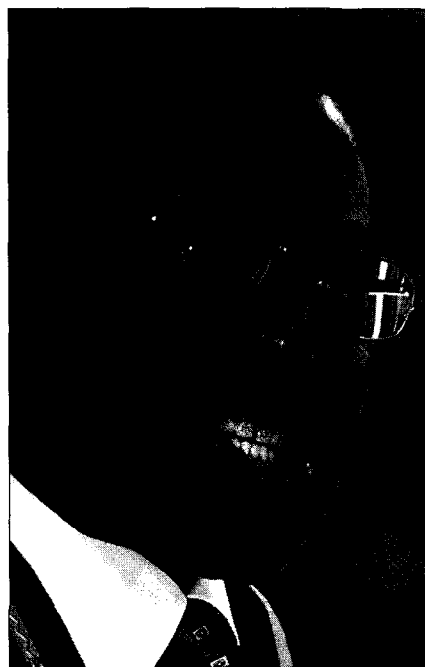
believe that the white man's prosperity was, and is, based solely upon exploitation—with no contribution whatever from technical prowess and organizational ability—and that that exploitation *simultaneously explains their own poverty*. Needless to say, economic policy grounded on such assumptions (Idi Amin's expulsion of the Asians from Uganda and Julius Nyerere's destruction of commercial farming in Tanzania come to mind), while emotionally gratifying in the short run, inevitably leads to disaster.

And Blair's passion for Africa is at least as politically expedient as Mugabe's expropriation of the land. Bill Clinton, who was Blair's mentor and exemplar, was in the habit of reestablishing his reputation as a decent man by feeling his nation's pain—usually in inverse proportion to his culpability for it. Clinton turned his "concern" to Africa when threatened by scandal at home; similarly Blair hopes—by expressing his "passion for Africa"—to deflect public attention from the fact that his government has rapidly proved itself the most corrupt in recent British history, with a succession of businessmen mysteriously receiving large contracts and other favors shortly after having contributed generously to Labour-party coffers. Today's corruption is making the previous government's efforts in this direction look positively amateurish. But how could anyone suspect a man who is so deeply moved by poverty in Africa of anything as sordid as self-interest?

Of course, this particular trick depends upon the acceptance by a large proportion of the electorate of the assumption that virtue consists not of uprightness, self-abnegation, and self-sacrifice, but rather of the expression of the right—that is to say, the politically correct—sentiments. A good person is not one who behaves well, especially when it is inconvenient to do so, but merely one who is *sincere*; and a better person is one who reiterates his sincerity more often, more insistently, and more publicly.

Blair may not be a good man, but even his enemies would not deny that he is a good politician: That is to say, he knows his electorate as well as a good salesman knows his market. Like Clinton before him, he understands that the shallow view of virtue is the one that now pre-

vails, especially among the young, and that a single politically correct sentiment—one crocodile tear shed for Africans or any other group supposedly at a disadvantage—outweighs a score of sordid and unscrupulous dealings.



Howard Burditt/Reuters

Doing what a younger Blair would have thought he ought to do.

Why should this be so? The shallow view of virtue is highly convenient to libertines and egotists: It implies that opinions are more morally significant than deeds, and thus that any misbehavior can be retrieved, forgiven, or forgotten after the enunciation of the right words. What, after all, is the award of a government contract in return for a political contribution, when set against sympathy for the plight of 700 million Africans? It would be petty to set such minor personal failings against generous principles held with all the appearance, or at any rate the gestures, of conviction.

A "passion for Africa," à la Blair, has the added advantage of conferring a providential role in African history upon the person who says he feels it. Much as Mugabe considers himself the founder of his nation and restorer of Zimbabwean (and African) pride and dignity, so too does Blair consider himself the person whose duty and mission it is to bring prosperity, or at least potable water, to the whole of the Dark Continent. They are united by a sense of self-importance; and their respective performances in

Johannesburg reminded me of the occasion when I had, at the same time, two Jamaican patients in a hospital ward who both believed they were Haile Selassie. Each was able to see the absurdity of the other's claim—just not the absurdity of his own.

There is a further irony in the situation. When Blair was a student, Mugabe was almost certainly a hero of his—or at least of his political circle—and was regarded as a true socialist "freedom fighter" against white imperialism and oppression. The very arguments Mugabe now uses to expropriate the white farmers would likely have seemed compelling to the youthful Blair. I know this, because I remember all the arguments myself. When I was in Rhodesia (as it then still was) working as a doctor, I read a lot about the land question. I still have the book by A. K. H. Weinrich, a Catholic nun working as an economist in Rhodesia, which proved conclusively, and with a large number of statistical tables, that the destruction of white commercial farming, and the distribution of the land to African peasants, would result in both increased output and social justice. I half-believed it, though a still, small voice told me it was really all hogwash. Nevertheless, such reasoning was the foundation of the very Third-Worldism to which Blair subscribed and still half-subscribes, on those occasions when he remembers to remember his passion for Africa; and Mugabe is only doing what a younger Blair would have thought he ought to do.

Blair still believes Africans to be so powerless and incompetent that they are incapable even of making their own economic and political mess—which is precisely why he has a passion for Africa: It is an entire continent of victims for someone like him to come and save, thereby establishing both his world importance and his benevolence. He is the Mrs. Jellyby of our time. Salvation must come to the continent from outside, after all (since Africans can't help being poor—it isn't their fault) and so he will make them prosper with his impassioned pleas. In reality, however, Africa is just a photo opportunity for him—as it was for Clinton.

Mugabe rightly senses the condescension, and the subliminal racism, in all of this. After all, no African leader would

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talk of his passion for Europe, however many may have exhibited a practical passion for European real estate and luxury goods. Unfortunately, Mugabe goes in himself for another variant of the belief that Africans are powerless: that Africa and Africans are impoverished because of the white man and his colonialist machinations. Thus, if Zimbabwe hasn't exactly prospered under his tutelage, there must be conspiracies that would account for this otherwise unaccountable fact. It can't have anything to do with his economic policies (though the list of African countries in which they had already failed catastrophically when he began implementing them in his own is most impressive); therefore it must be the white farmers, with none other than Blair acting as their *éminence grise*.

Perhaps a medal could be struck to commemorate the Johannesburg conference on sustainable development, with Blair on one side and Mugabe on the other. Between them, they represent the two faces of the reigning Third-Worldism: kleptocratic dictators and political entrepreneurs who use sentimentality abroad to bolster their image—and their electoral chances—at home.

NR

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■ CULTURE WATCH ■

Gas-Mask Chic

Dressing for Armageddon

ANDREW STUTTAFORD

FOR reasons that need, sadly, no explanation, we find ourselves living in a nervous, uneasy era, a time when every backfiring car becomes a bomb, every spilled sachet of sugar a plague. Once again, an enemy is out there, but the threat now is not the familiar Soviet-style Armageddon, but the occasional hit-and-run, jihad on the installment plan, which although revoltingly vicious, should, with luck—and preparation—leave most of us unscathed.

Preparation? Back in the Cold War years, that never seemed necessary. Mutually Assured Destruction meant that the threat to civilians was both minimal and total. Now attacks seem certain, but the odds of survival are good. Still, with homeland security in the hands of Tom Ridge and Norman Mineta, it may be wise to improve on those odds—and that's just what many Americans are starting to do. In the immediate aftermath of the terrorist strikes some stores saw a surge in demand for guns and televisions, a good first step, but then what?

In Gotham, where I live, *New York* magazine tried to help out. Its "Survivalist's Guide to Living with Terrorism" offered a series of spooky lists, tailored (of course!) to income level. Silk-stockings survivalists were told to get ready for a designer doomsday with equipment that included a Maxa Beam searchlight (\$1,687), Altec suspension expedition backpacks (\$329), Eagle Gear "War Bags" (\$195), Mobiflex portable shelter systems (\$2,700), a Sea Eagle 14SR sport boat

Mr. Stuttaford is a contributing editor of National Review Online.

(\$3,200), and, to keep the irradiated rabble at bay, two pneumatic Tasers (priceless). Poorer folk were expected to make do with rather less. Recommendations for Archie's bunker included candles, Ziploc bags, and (don't ask) kitty litter.

Missed that issue? Never mind, there's always the Internet. With its themes of menace, conspiracy, government ineptitude, and the chance to make a buck, the current crisis may be the web's finest hour. And why not? As is pointed out at www.gammascout.com (home of the "Gamma-Scout" radiation detector), "government can only do so much." Indeed. At www.gasmasks.com they avoid talk of politics and get straight to the point: "Do you really want you, your spouse or your children to go through life with breathing disorders or scarred flesh from 3rd degree burns, or worse? It's just not necessary." Well, if you put it that way . . .

So where to begin? With the threat of NBC (nuclear, biological, and chemical) attacks, we are now being offered carnage à la carte. I'll start with the nukes, but first, a disclaimer. As trial lawyers, like cockroaches, will undoubtedly survive the worst that bin Laden can throw at us, it's necessary to say that neither NATIONAL REVIEW nor I am endorsing—or condemning—any of the products mentioned in this survey, which is, I should add, about as comprehensive as this nation's airport security. Full disclosure: My own supplies include a radio, bottled water, Red Army-designed flashlights, a .357 Magnum (Tasers are for wimps), Cipro, potassium iodate, and cans of some nasty-looking beans (my wife is a vegetarian).

Now, back to the nukes. If a nuclear device explodes on top of you, there's not much to be done, but in the case of a dirty bomb, or a more conventional nuke that has gone off at a somewhat safer distance, there are some useful steps that can be taken. First swallow a pill. Fallout will contain radioactive iodine, something that is not only highly carcinogenic, but also thrilling fodder for the thyroid, a gluttonous gland, always greedy for a little more iodine, radioactive or otherwise. Greed, though, can be good: An effective defense against this menace comes from

The Saudis

Are they our friends . . . or our enemies?

For decades the U.S. has considered Saudi Arabia our friend—and an important source of oil. But now, because fifteen of nineteen of the September 11 hijackers were Saudi citizens, because Saudi schools and newspapers teach anti-American and anti-Semitic hatred, and because Saudi Arabia refuses to cooperate with U.S. efforts to stop terrorism, many are asking whether this “friendship” still makes sense.

What are the facts?

Militant Islam thrives in Saudi Arabia. Not only were most of the 9/11 terrorists Saudis, but some 80% of the prisoners held at Guantánamo are Saudis, Osama bin Laden is a Saudi, and recent evidence proves that Saudi Arabia has been a principal supporter both of al Qaeda and of Palestinian suicide bombers.

But these obvious connections to terrorism are just the beginning. The Saudis actively support more than 30,000 Wahhabi religious schools and mosques in Saudi Arabia, Pakistan, Indonesia, Afghanistan, Western Europe and the United States. Wahhabism calls for the destruction of the United States and Israel and Western values, replacing them with totalitarian Islamist regimes and fundamentalist societies, similar to the one created by the Taliban in Afghanistan.

Despite friendly-sounding rhetoric from its leaders, the Saudi government refuses to assist the U.S. capture Islamic terrorists. In 1996, the Saudis refused a U.S. request that they seize Osama bin Laden. In 1995, they refused to hand over Imad Mughniyah, the likely perpetrator of the 1983 bombing of the Marine barracks in Lebanon. After 9/11, the Saudis opposed the U.S. attack on the Taliban and have failed to crack down on their own al Qaeda supporters. No wonder the Saudi-supported press regularly praises terrorist actions against the U.S. and Israel, or that secret documents found recently prove that the Saudi government gives money to terrorist organizations and bestows handsome cash rewards on the families of suicide bombers in Israel.

It's also no wonder that a much-publicized report to a Pentagon advisory board recently concluded that “the Saudis are active at every level of the terror chain, from planners to financiers.” The report labeled the kingdom “the most dangerous opponent of American interests in the Middle East.”

Given its totalitarian policies, its open support of terrorism, and the anti-American, anti-Israel vitriol spewing daily from its state-sponsored press and religious institutions, the U.S. must reconsider its relationship with Saudi Arabia. It's time to acknowledge that the Saudis are effectively waging a war against us—that they are behaving like enemies. Fortunately, Saudi Arabia's reduced importance as a supplier to the U.S. now allows us to make decisions based on human rights and our greater strategic interests, rather than solely on our energy needs. Just as a change in regimes in Iraq would benefit the U.S. and the world, so would a change in the feudal regime in Saudi Arabia—the ousting of the royal ruling class. Above all, we should encourage our government to confront the hypocritical and dictatorial Saudi rulers. In addition, if we can find Saudis of valor and vision, we should encourage them to lead their country to democracy. In the meantime, we must consider Saudi Arabia our enemy and consider this reality in our global fight against terrorism.

Saudi Arabia rejects important basic human freedoms. Saudi Arabia is run by a totalitarian regime—the oil-rich House of Saud, a tyranny of princes and royal cousins. None of the basic freedoms held sacred by Western democracies—the rule of law, limits on the power of the state, rights for women, private property, free speech, equal justice, religious tolerance—is tolerated by the Saudis. Indeed, Saudi culture is barbarically restrictive: Woman may not drive and are treated as chattel by their husbands and by the regime; the press is ruthlessly censored; and public executions and dismemberments are still practiced. During the Gulf War, President Bush

was prevented by the Saudi government from conducting a religious service on a U.S. military base on Saudi soil. U.S. servicewomen in Saudi Arabia must wear

veils in public. Saudi men routinely abduct their U.S. citizen children, forcefully convert them to Islam and, if girls, press them into marriages – often polygamous ones.

The myth of our dependence on Saudi oil. Saudi oil policy has always been openly self-serving—the Saudis have threatened or implemented at least three oil embargoes over recent decades, including one in 1973-74 that triggered a deep economic crisis in the U.S. In reality, they have sold us oil when it served their financial and political purposes.

While at one time the U.S. relied heavily on the free flow of Saudi oil—since as much as 25% of the world's supply may lie within its boundaries—things have changed. Russia and Mexico have become reliable suppliers, and vast new oil fields around the Caspian Sea are coming on line. New energy technologies are reducing our dependence on oil in general. Finally, most analysts agree that the Saudis need the U.S. as their customer much more than we need them as a supplier. The Saudis are not likely to cut us off, and if they do, we can obtain plentiful oil from other sources.

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Gerardo Joffe, President

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preemptively swallowing "clean" iodine, which should ensure that the duly sated thyroid has no room to absorb any iodine that glows. My own iodine stash comes in the form of potassium iodate pills from www.medicalcorps.org. I'm not convinced there's a huge distinction, but at www.nukepills.com they're selling "FDA-approved" potassium iodide ("different spelling, different drug").

After pills, pillboxes. Those wanting their own purpose-built shelters should check out www.disastershelter.com, but the homes in this line may be of limited use in Manhattan—some of these constructions are rather larger than the average apartment. Helpfully, at www.disastershelters.net (no relation) guidance is given on how to design a better-than-nothing shelter (the euphemism is "expedient") for the real-estate-starved or the simply improvident. One suggestion is to huddle under a table in a basement with "two feet of books or other heavy objects . . . placed on and around the table." Anything by Bernard Lewis should work particularly well. For those who have forgotten their kitty litter, "a 5 gallon bucket with plastic bags could be used for sanitation."

But what exactly would you be sheltering from? Fallout is see-through, and if you want to see it through, some sort of radiation meter will be essential. But be careful. At the cheerfully named www.planetwide-exodus.com, they warn, accurately enough, that many Geiger counters now on the market were designed for geological research and "cannot handle" the amounts of radiation that would be produced in the aftermath of an attack, which is something they may have in common with us humans. The uncomfortably frank realists at www.homelandprotection.net are offering the Raditect: "the first Gamma Radiation Detector designed for home and office use" for those "nuclear emergencies that would present a long-term health risk, not immediate annihilation." Despite its promising name the focus at www.geigercounters.com seems to be on products for a more sedate era, including the "Inspector," which is, apparently, suitable for "applications requiring higher levels of sensitivity such as checking food for radioactive

contamination." Forget food. What about me? At www.twotigersonline.com, there's a "pocket dosimeter" (in essence a personal nuclear odometer) designed to tell you just how irradiated you really are.

If the assault is biological rather than nuclear, coping may be a lot less work. We are already tragically familiar with the effects of anthrax, but conventional medicine—often antibiotics—will usually be able to deal effectively with most biological threats. If you have problems getting hold of antibiotics, www.tetrahedron.org ("an educational corporation" that deals with "health science and government cover-up[s]") seems to be recommending a rummage through the feedlots. But with supplies of Advance Calf Medic (a possible source of oxytetracycline) being as scarce in Manhattan as a barnyard and a pitchfork, your HMO might, for once, be a better bet.

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**Fallout is see-through, and
if you want to see it through,
some sort of radiation meter
will be essential.**

■

More practical, if a little unsentimental, are the folks at Gasmasks.com, the compassionate conservatives of viral Armageddon. Their "Biological Survivors Caring Kit" is a complete head-to-toe outfit for someone who doesn't want to get too close: It's something to wear "while caring for a loved one contaminated with a deadly virus, so the caregiver cannot get infected."

Mention of Gasmasks.com raises the question of chemical attacks, the third pony of bin Laden's bargain-basement apocalypse. Comfortingly, some of the protective gear against this threat may be of use against N and B, as well as C, but be sure to watch out for gas-mask grifters. At www.homelandgasmasks.com, there's dark talk of the older (and often foreign) military-surplus masks being offered to "unsuspecting Americans." You can see a few of them (masks, not unsuspecting Americans) at www.approvedgasmasks.com with its

rogues' gallery of gas masks fit only for use as a "Halloween costume or conversation piece," a list that includes the Russian M41 Aardvark. From the look of it, you will die laughing long before the gas gets to you.

Approvedgasmasks.com also boasts a wide range of hopefully more effective devices: the Scott ProMask, the SGE 1000, the SGE 400se, the MSA Advantage 1000, the MSA Advantage 3000, the MSA Night Ranger (lens resistant to shrapnel!), the MSA Ultra-Twin, and the M-95 Military. If that's too much to choose from, try the narrower selection at Homelandgasmasks.com (Panoramic Visor, Economy, and, for the kids, the Junior). Fashionistas will appreciate the different colors available at Gasmasks.com: neon yellow, midnight black, or, for the tactless, cobalt blue.

Of course, most such masks are somewhat bulky and difficult to carry around, at least without raising a few eyebrows. In preparing to save your life, you might well lose your job. At www.gasmasks-usa.com, they have a solution for this, a compact "Quick Escape Mask." This may buy just enough time for you to parachute out of your building (www.aerial-egress.com), swallow your pill, grab your "One Person Tote N Go Survival Kit" (from www.areyouprepared.com—comes complete with emergency poncho and nine towelettes), and head for the hills, or, possibly, that book-lined table.

Once in the hills, thoughts will turn to longer-term survival. True pessimists will have bought the \$6,320 Super Pak (one year, two people, 344 cans, one can-opener) from www.healthyandwise.net. The state of kitchen facilities will, of course, be uncertain, but that won't worry purchasers of "super fresh, super tasting" MREs (Meals Ready to Eat, including country captain chicken, Jamaican pork chop, and many others) from Twotigersonline.com. Cooking instructions include placing the unopened pouch "inside your shirt, allowing your body temperature to help warm the food inside."

That's the spirit: determined, dauntless, and a little bit daffy. Al-Qaeda doesn't stand a chance. **NR**

Crunchy Cons

Picking up organic vegetables in your NATIONAL REVIEW tote bag

ROD DREHER

ONE day this summer, I told a colleague I had to leave early to pick up my weekly fresh vegetables from the organic food co-op to which my wife and I belong. "Ewgh, that's so *lefty*," she said. And she was right: Organic vegetables are a left-wing cliché. Early last summer I had made fun of neighbors who subscribed to the service, which delivers fresh fruits and vegetables from area organic farms to our Brooklyn streets.

But then the neighbors gave us one week's vegetable shipment, and we were knocked flat by the intense flavors. Who knew cauliflower had so much taste? It was the freshness of the produce, not its organic status (of dubious nutritional advantage), that we were responding to. But you can't get produce that delicious in grocery stores here, so when this summer rolled around, we signed up enthusiastically. Now, Julie picks up our weekly delivery in her NATIONAL REVIEW tote bag.

It never occurred to me that eating organic vegetables was a political act, but my colleague's comment got me to thinking about other ways my family's lifestyle is countercultural. Julie is a stay-at-home mom who is beginning to homeschool our young son. We worship at an "ethnic" Catholic church because we can't take the Wonder Bread liturgy at the Roman parish down the street. We are as suspicious of big business as we are of big government. We rarely watch TV, disdain modern architecture and suburban sprawl, avoid shopping malls, and spend our money on good food we prepare at home. My wife even makes her own granola.

And yet we are almost always the most conservative people in the room—granted, not much of a trick if you live in New York City, but we're still pretty far out there. So how did we get to be so "crunchy"—as in "crunchy-granola," a slang term for earthy types—without realizing what was happening? Much of our crunchy conservatism comes from simply being carried along by the tide of our lives, and discovering by trial and error things that work well. But it's also grounded in the basic attitudes we've long held. That, generally speaking, Small and Local and Particular and Old are better. That beauty in all its forms is

important to the good life. That the bright glare of television and the cacophony of media culture make it too hard to discern the call of truth and wisdom. That we are citizens before we are consumers.

And most important of all, that faith and family are the point of life. We agree with Russell Kirk, who observed, "The best way to rear up a new generation of friends of the Permanent Things is to beget children, and read to them o' evenings, and teach them what is worthy of praise: the wise parent is the conservator of ancient truths. As Edmund Burke put it, 'We learn to love the little platoon we belong to in society.' The institution most essential to conserve is the family."

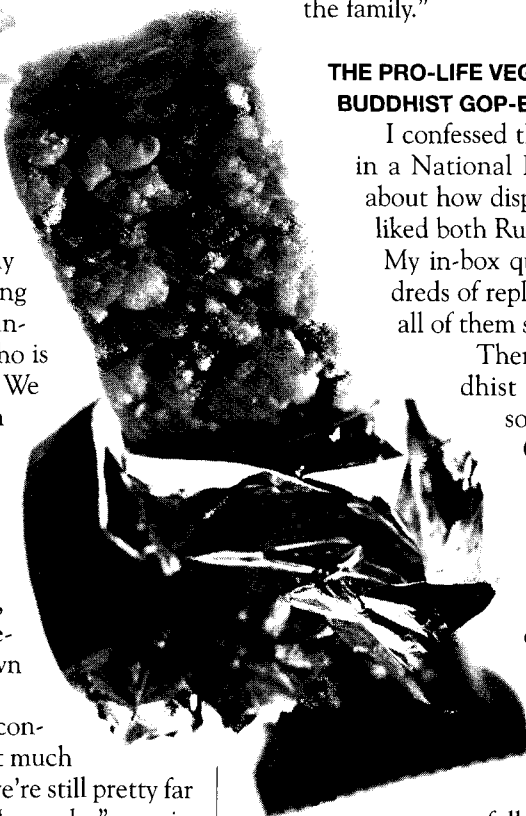
THE PRO-LIFE VEGETARIAN BUDDHIST GOP-ER, ET AL.

I confessed that I was a Birkenstock'd Burkean in a National Review Online essay, and talked about how displaced I felt as a conservative who liked both Rush Limbaugh and Garrison Keillor. My in-box quickly filled up with literally hundreds of replies from across the country, nearly all of them saying, "Me too!"

There was the pro-life vegetarian Buddhist Republican who wanted to find somebody to discuss the virtues of George W. Bush with over a bowl of dal. An interracial couple, political conservatives and converts to Eastern Orthodoxy, wrote to say they loved shaking up the prejudices of liberal friends at their organic co-op. Small-town and rural crunchy cons checked in, and so did their urban counterparts from Berkeley to New York to London. "I used to listen to Rush while driving around following the Grateful Dead!" some-

one wrote. Wrote another, "We thought we were the only Evangelical Christians in the world with a copy of 'The Moosewood Cookbook.'"

Clearly, there are a number of thoughtful, imaginative, eclectic conservatives who fly below the radar of the media and Republican politicians. Who are these people? What do they stand for? And do you have to tune in to NPR as well as



to Rush, turn on to whole grains, and drop out of mainstream society to join them?

The crunchy-con bookshelf—and because they eschew television, they have lots of bookshelves—sags with works by conservatives like G. K. Chesterton, Richard Weaver, T. S. Eliot, C. S. Lewis, J. R. R. Tolkien, the Southern Agrarians, and Michael Oakeshott. They also read books by more contemporary thinkers like the agrarian essayist Wendell Berry; Jane Jacobs, who championed particularity and diversity in urban planning over the dominant trend toward mass abstraction; media critic Neil Postman; and James Howard Kunstler, whose choleric jeremiads against America's strip-mall Babylon have made him a left-leaning prophet with honor among crunchy cons. They favor books on the environment that reflect a manlier, Rooseveltian (Teddy, the good one) stance toward the natural world, which respects nature without worshipping it.

■

For crunchy cons, the quest to live 'the Good, the True, and the Beautiful' is not just a nice idea—and because of this, they don't always line up with Republican orthodoxy.

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Of all the thinkers and writers favored by crunchy cons, Kirk may be the most reliable guide to their sensibility. He grasped the essential truth that conservatism was not primarily about a political agenda, but instead "a complex of thought and sentiment, and a deep attachment to permanent things." It was a fundamental stance toward reality. For crunchy cons, the quest to live "the Good, the True, and the Beautiful" is not just a nice idea—and because of this, they don't always line up with Republican orthodoxy. As Carson Gross, a 25-year-old San Franciscan, says, "I'm always explicit with people that I'm a conservative, not a Republican."

There are four basic areas that are touchstones for crunchy conservatives: Religion, the Natural World, Beauty, and Family.

For many crunchy cons, religion is the starting point from which beliefs about everything else follow. "Judging by what I find on the road around the U.S., my ideas appeal to a particular kind of conservative: religious intellectuals," says Kunstler. Kim Anderson (not her real name) lives with her petroleum-engineer husband and their eight homeschooled children in Midland, Tex., the hometown of President Bush. They are serious Calvinists who get their crunchy-con marching orders from the first principle of the Westminster Catechism: The purpose of a man's life is "to glorify God and enjoy Him forever." Says Anderson, "That enjoyment of God is not just for when we get to heaven. What are we to do with ourselves while we're here? We don't have a longing to return to the Fifties, or some past era. We just long for God and His ways, and are trying

to figure out how to live our lives to go along with that."

For the Andersons, taking faith seriously means living and raising children in a more radical way than most churchgoers. It is no accident that they are converts to a more rigorous form of Presbyterianism. As you talk to religious crunchy cons, you find a surprising number who are religious converts of one sort or another, many of them to traditional Roman Catholicism or Eastern Orthodoxy. What they have in common is a craving for an older, more demanding kind of religion, a faith with backbone that stands against the softness of bourgeois Christianity. "I'm a convert. Tradition isn't something we cling to, it's something we consciously seek," says Jim Christiansen, 47, a Washington lawyer and traditionalist Catholic. "That whiff of the past is precious these days, when even the traditionalists are deracinated."

The crunchy cons, religious or not, share a belief that something has gone seriously wrong in contemporary mass society, and are grasping for "authenticity" (a word you hear often from this group) amid a raging flood of media-driven consumer culture. This is not new, of course; the 1960s counterculture got there first. Crunchy cons credit the hippies and their successors with understanding the radical nature of the problem, but strongly disagree with their solutions. "Apparently believing that all of nature, including humankind, is inherently and purely good, they reach all sorts of absurd and unworkable conclusions," says Bryan Greer, 29, a Baptist father of five living in Northfield, Minn. "These people simply have no room for the concept of evil, rendering their worldview completely incapable of comprehending the world as it is."

A view of the material world as fundamentally flawed but fundamentally good, and therefore to be revered, embraced, and celebrated within limits, is a key crunchy-right concept. Crunchy cons, even the non-religious ones, take this sacramental idea seriously, which leads them to beliefs and attitudes (stereo)typically associated with liberals.

THE GOOD IN GREEN

Take the environment. Crunchy cons tend to look at the world through the eyes of Tolkien's Sam Gamgee, returned from the war to his beloved shire, only to find the land despoiled by industrial "progress." While they reject the anti-scientific utopianism of hysterical mainstream environmentalism, crunchy cons are skeptical that the Republican party can be trusted as stewards of the natural world. "I have no love for the environmental movement as it stands today," says Alabama Republican Paula Graves, 39. "But I think that the average conservative response to environmental concerns is a total condemnation of all things 'green,' whether it be personal recycling, organic food, or energy conservation, and that's an equally illogical response. We've ceded the issue to the Greens and let them set the definitions, and therefore the agenda."

"Of course conservatives and Republicans 'lost' California years ago, because they did not try to understand it," says Carl Weidner of San Diego. "Some Republicans have this adolescent-boy sense of humor that must make fun of everything."

These irate crunchy cons are on to something. American Enterprise Institute pollster Karlyn Bowman says that while the environment isn't a big political issue nationally, it is "very important at the state and local levels," particularly in populous, environmentally conscious swing states like California and Florida. AEI's Steven Hayward has studied these issues, and says that the GOP's bad rap on the environment is somewhat deserved. "It's the flip side of what defense policy is for the Democrats. Republicans don't like it, they don't study it very hard, and they tend to do a lousy job with it," he says. "Conservatives tend to belittle environmental concerns, or issue blanket condemnations of all environmentalists."

A closely related flashpoint is suburban sprawl, which is more of an aesthetic issue. Greer, a lifelong small-town Republican, says he would worry about conservatives' running his town's government, out of fear they would let developers gut the historic town center and call it another triumph of the free market. "I don't think most conservatives have much of an answer for people who feel a sense of loss when 'progress' destroys beauty and authenticity. To all this, conservatives can only mumble about the necessity of economic progress. They don't seem to care that something of real value has been lost."

In the crunchy-con view, right-wing indifference to natural beauty extends to the man-made world. Today's conservatives don't say enough about the importance of aesthetic standards. Ugly suburban architecture, lousy food, chain restaurants, bad beer, and scorn for the arts are defended by many rank-and-file Republicans as signs of populist authenticity, as opposed to the "elitist" notion that aesthetics matter. In previous generations, it was taken for granted among conservatives that cultivating taste was a worthwhile, even necessary pursuit in building civilization. Nowadays, talking like that in front of a number of right-wingers will get you denounced as a snob.

"It's a PR disaster for the Right to allow discussions of fun and beauty and poetry and nature to be owned by the Left," says a New York publishing executive and closet conservative. "The right wing just looks unappealing. Do they not understand this?" Christiansen, the Washington lawyer, concurs. "I think a large number of people embrace leftist politics exactly because they associate them with the more attractive positions on quality-of-life issues—or, more succinctly, people vote Democratic not because the Democratic agenda makes any sense but because they want to eat fresh vegetables."

WITHOUT COERCION

Though they share with many liberals a critical interest in aesthetics and the environment, a key difference between crunchy cons and the Left is the emphasis placed on these issues. Leftists tend to absolutize their tastes and convictions, look upon people who don't share them as morally deficient, and seek to impose them on an unwilling community. Crunchy cons, on the other hand, are more inclined to think simply that they've found a neat way to live, and want only to *propose* it to others.

Judy Warner, a rural Marylander who works in conserva-

tive fundraising, nicely captures the distinction in talking about the organic-farming, home-canning, composting, dulcimer-playing lifestyle she shares with her ex-Marine husband. "I'm a red-diaper baby and the conservative black sheep in my unreformed family. Here's the difference between my siblings and me: I do this as part of my life, a part I think is important and pleasurable, but not the most important. For them, it is the meaning of their life. It is their religion."

■

Leftists tend to impose their tastes and convictions on an unwilling community. Crunchy cons are more inclined to think simply that they've found a neat way to live.

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While crunchy cons would stop well short of imputing moral inferiority to those who don't share their own tastes in architecture, trees, or foodstuff, they would also say that it's a serious mistake to think of these issues as mere matters of taste. A child who grows up in a neighborhood built for human beings, not cars, may think of man's relation to his world differently from one raised amid the throwaway utilitarianism of strip-mall architecture. One's sensitivity to and desire for beauty, and its edifying qualities of order, harmony, "sweetness and light," has consequences for the character of individuals and ultimately for civilization. It's perilous to forget that.

You may be saying, "God save us from these Brie-eating bobos, who have the money to indulge their snobbish tastes and want to inflict them on the rest of us." But most crunchy cons are different from bobos—David Brooks's bourgeois bohemians—in part because they tend not to have a lot of money. Which brings us to the fourth big area that sets crunchy cons apart: their ideas about family.

Many religious crunchy cons have large families because they believe large families are a positive good. This usually means the mother, who is often highly educated, forgoes a career to stay home with the children—and possibly even homeschools them. Kim Anderson of Midland has a graduate degree in engineering and knows that if she had had fewer children and had gone to work, her family could enjoy a much higher material standard of living—which she and her husband sacrifice on conservative principle. "I feel like we're giving our kids a real childhood," she says. "You can see the difference in the way kids think and behave. It's amazing to me to see parents who have money, and who think they're conservative, abandon their children to the culture, and then turn around and express shock at what the culture does to their children." Anderson asked that her real name not be used in this article, because she's afraid of antagonizing her neighbors. "We're not trying to show anybody that we're better than them. We're just doing what we feel like we have to do for our family."

One does find that most crunchy cons are at least uneasy

being fully open with both right-wing and left-wing friends. Some say they avoid talking about politics with liberal friends, because sooner or later someone will say, "How could a nice fellow like you be such a fascist?" On the other hand, to discuss the case for regulating sprawl or the deep pleasures of Humboldt Fog cheese around many conservatives is to set yourself up for knee-jerk mockery. Crunchy cons wish their fellow Republicans would show tolerance for diversity within their own ranks.

"I don't want a McExistence bought in a strip mall and a mega-mart, but that doesn't mean I disparage those who like the comfort and regularity of suburbia. The problem is many GOPers view anything not embraced by the GOP mainstream as suspect," says Kerry Hardy, 33, a D.C. libertarian. "Western civilization is not threatened by people eating tofu or wearing tie-dye, and if the GOP mouthpieces stopped acting as if it were and stopped a priori judging those who do to be liberals, they might find that many of them are on their side."

■

**Maybe, just maybe, seeing the difference
crunchy conservatism makes in the quality
of family life will make mainstream
conservatives wonder what they're missing.**

■

And not only on their side, but ready with something to teach them about ways to live more fully within the conservative tradition. The good news is that this is becoming easier to do. Homeschooling is an increasingly viable alternative. Fresh produce and hormone-free meat are more widely available. While suburban sprawl is a permanent fixture of life—it has become the only economically rational way for most of us to live—many of those new 'burbs have, thanks to the free market, good chain bookstores, whole-food co-ops, and specialty shops that cater to eclectic tastes. One hears more and more of families, even those in which both parents work, who have turned off the television and rediscovered the pleasures of reading—and one another.

And maybe, just maybe, seeing the difference crunchy conservatism makes in the quality of family life will make mainstream conservatives wonder what they're missing. "Most people never stop and think about their lifestyle," says Anderson. "I don't know that some of the choices we've made are the only way people should live. But have they ever considered them? Look, we're not carrying signs for our cause; we're too busy living our lives. People can see the results and judge for themselves. They can do like we did: read books, talk to people who have gone before, who have good kids and who have kept the faith, and say, 'Hey, we want to be like that. How'd you do it?'"

Learning from wisdom and lived experience and preserving the humanity and life of one's "little platoon" by living accordingly: What could be more conservative than that? **NR**

Ideologues Without Borders

A global attack on assimilation

JOHN O'SULLIVAN

Melbourne, Australia

THE ghost of Willie Horton hangs eerily over the political debate in Australia—though, to the best of my knowledge, Mr. Horton is not yet dead but is instead on government work and still gives us the benefit of his occasional political insights. ("Naturally, I'm supporting Clinton," he told an avid world in 1992.) But Willie Horton long ago graduated from actual person to political symbol and in that capacity switched parties. Having assisted the GOP in 1988 as the poster boy for George Bush's anti-crime campaign, he then spent the next five years as a Shameful Example of Republican racism. This second identity was such a media success that in the end Republicans were falsely apologizing for having run a racist campaign and the Democrats were insincerely complaining that they had been cheated of an election victory by these untoward tactics.

Almost the same trick is being attempted here by the opposition Labor party, the elite media, and Australia's large assemblage of humanitarian charities and human-rights groups. Their Willie Horton, however, is the boatload of Afghan "asylum seekers" who one year ago were picked up by a Norwegian freighter, the *Tampa*, in Indonesian waters, and who intimidated the captain into heading straight for Australia. Prime Minister John Howard refused to admit these piratical refugees, sent the navy to divert them, and arranged for their applications to be "processed" by the U.N. High Commissioner on Refugees on the independent island-state of Nauru. Howard promptly won a national election in an unexpected landslide. In the course of the campaign, he regularly got standing ovations with the line: "We will decide who comes to Australia and on what terms."

Politically this was a home run. Even the opposition Labor party supported legislation to deny the Afghans instant admission. But some of the most bitter and vital political battles today are not between the parties, but between the political elite and the voters. And the Howard policy, though warmly endorsed by the voters, was strenuously opposed by the media, the churches, the academy, and what the British call ironically "the great and good." Nor did these groups give up their campaign when the election was lost: In the last year they have struggled to turn the *Tampa* incident into a symbol of the heartless racism of the Howard government, and of the Australian people.

REVERSE ASSIMILATION

As yet they have not succeeded: Polls show that most Australians still strongly endorse the *Tampa* decision. Nor do the critics have much of a case that, in general, Australians

AXIS OF EVIL: Dissenters & Degenerate Priests

Priestly sex scandals in the U.S. Catholic Church were few and far between before seminaries began accepting homosexuals in the 1960s. The homosexual population of the U.S. is estimated at between 2 and 10%. Homosexuals in the priesthood are now estimated to be between 30 and 60%. A major study conducted by *The Kansas City Star* found that "priests are dying of AIDS at a rate at least four times that of the general U.S. population...."

Is celibacy the culprit? No. *The Times of London* found that priests in the (Anglican) Church of England are dying of AIDS at a rate roughly 2 to 3 times greater than Catholic priests in the U.S.! Note well: The Church of England has *always* allowed priests to marry.

Not surprisingly, 90 to 98% of the publicized cases of priestly pedophilia committed by U.S. Catholic priests involve *boys* (whether prepubescent or postpubescent). Not all "gays" are pedophiles, but pedophilia — called "intergenerational love" by homosexuals — is part and parcel of the homosexual subculture, which places great emphasis on youthful physique and is notoriously promiscuous, and whose publications commonly carry themes of adult-child sex.

How did a number of seminaries get flooded with homosexuals? Not only because many bishops and religious orders have allowed seminaries to admit homosexuals — in direct violation of Vatican policy — but because certain vocations directors and seminaries re-

ject a candidate, not because he's homosexual but because he's "homophobic" — they also reject candidates deemed "rigid" (a code word for orthodox).

In certain seminaries, professors openly dissent from Catholic teaching on homosexuality, and homosexual behavior is protected. And those orthodox, morally straight seminarians who managed to get in under the radar and who object to the scandalous goings-on are persecuted or forced out. Meanwhile,

sodomites are ordained priests, and they protect and promote one another, forming what is widely known as "the Lavender Mafia," extending even into episcopal ranks.

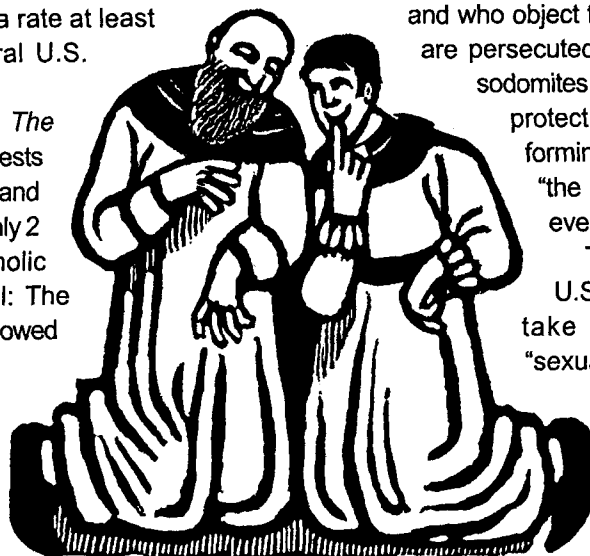
Thanks to the media, the U.S. bishops have finally had to take a strong stand against "sexual abuse of minors." But the

get-tough policy affects only some violations of the sacred vow of celibacy. It doesn't affect sex with men and other priests. As long as sod-

omite priests are often winked at, and certain seminaries continue to be hothouses for flammers and promote the dissent that justifies immorality, sexual license in the priesthood will continue. But *it must and will be stopped*, if not by the bishops then by us the laity.

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are selfish or uncompassionate. Australia admits more refugees—in proportion to its population—than any other nation. Indeed, it welcomes immigrants and has almost tripled its population in 50 years, on the grounds that a nation of 20 million people on the edge of crowded Asia needs immigrants for defense as much as for prosperity.

But the critics have kept hammering at the theme that a shipful of refugees was no threat to Australia, and that therefore its exclusion was unjustified. In fact, the *Tampa* was a test case. If it had crept in under the barrier, that would have signaled to the millions of potential asylum seekers that they should head south as quickly as possible. Migrants would have died in considerable numbers as their leaky tubs sank, or as they suffocated in containers, or as smugglers simply threw them overboard to avoid capture. But those deaths would have gone unnoticed by the elites, and generated no accusations of heartlessness.

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**Some proclaim that immigrants should
no longer feel a duty to assimilate to
their host society.**

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What keeps this debate alive, of course, is the determined moral self-congratulation of the Left campaigners. They are unrelenting, and they know how they turned around the Willie Horton issue. But they also have an unseen asset: a whole series of new and extravagant assumptions, both here and in the U.S., about immigration and refugee policy. These assumptions distort the debate in their favor—by removing national governments from the picture, asserting that an international set of rules now determines whether or not migrants should be permitted to stay in another country, and proclaiming that immigrants should no longer feel a duty to assimilate to their host society.

These are monumental changes. In the past, it was taken for granted that when immigrants settled in their new country, they would eventually assimilate to its legal and cultural norms. They would cast aside any residual loyalty to their nation of origin. Their assimilation would eventually culminate in their taking citizenship, and their children would be Americans, or Australians, or Canadians.

But an entirely different intellectual context has arisen—one that transfers the obligation of change from immigrant to host nation. Immigration is not felt to be a major event in the immigrant's life: He is merely going somewhere else. He should have the right to do so, whether morally or as a matter of law, but he should otherwise be allowed to remain his old self. Instead of asking him to adapt to his new environment, the host nation should adapt its own practices and institutions to him.

This way of thinking about immigration has become woven into law and constitutional philosophy, where it erodes the distinction between citizens and non-citizen immigrants. International-law scholar Louis Henkin calls for

largely eliminating “the difference between a citizen and non-citizen permanent resident” in all U.S. federal laws. Law professors Peter Spiro of Hofstra and Peter Schuck of Yale support the concept—and growing reality—of dual nationality: They oppose the present citizenship oath because it requires that new citizens must renounce “all allegiance and fidelity” to their former homeland. In their view, Mexican immigrants should be both Mexican and American—and vote in both countries. Law professor Stephen Legomsky goes so far as to argue that Americans with dual citizenship should not even be expected to give greater weight to U.S. interests if America should get involved in a conflict with their other homeland. Far from regarding the idea of “dual loyalty” as a slur on immigrants, he sees it as a legitimate political choice.

These are claims that would have astonished international lawyers a generation ago—and would astonish the ordinary voters of most democracies today. Yet as John Fonte of the Hudson Institute points out, this “transnational progressivism” is supported and endorsed by leading figures in government and academia. Thus, Alejandro Portes, a recent president of the American Sociological Association, argues that “transnationality and its political counterpart, dual citizenship, may not be the sign of imminent breakdown but the vanguard” of “new notions” for the next century. Chicago anthropologist Arjun Appadurai suggests that the U.S. is transitioning from a land of immigrants to become merely “one node in a post-national network of diasporas.” A former general counsel for the Immigration and Naturalization Service, T. Alexander Aleinikoff, criticizes an assimilationist author as repeating “the old error of seeing America as fixed and placing the needed adjustment on the immigrant's side. A more accurate understanding pictures America as a contract under constant renegotiation.” And so on.

WHAT ABOUT DEMOCRACY?

The glaring problem with these arguments is that it is not at all clear where democracy fits into them; nor do their proponents seem especially interested in finding out. In the past, polities in which cultural and ethnic groups with distinctive rights coexisted side by side—and in which immigration regularly created new ethnic and linguistic enclaves—were such places as the Habsburg or British empires. These were not democracies but multinational autocracies, in which imperial bureaucrats imposed order on the different ethnic groups. The empires allowed these groups to order their own moral, social, and religious arrangements to the degree that these did not anger other groups unduly or outrage the moral sensibilities of the imperial power. But when the imperial power withdrew, the groups fell to killing each other and to establishing small states that reflected their own moral consensus. Post-Versailles central Europe, India in 1947, the Soviet Union, and Yugoslavia all conform to this pattern. These are not very encouraging precedents for transnational democracy.

Note also that the various international bodies proposed as replacements for the Westphalian order of nation-states lack any roots in democratic accountability. How do citizens of any one state repeal a law established by the International

Criminal Court? How would an Australian mining company take action to change the policy of a regulatory body that might emerge from the Kyoto process with the power to order national reductions in carbon emissions? Where would the representation be to justify a U.N. tax on international capital movements?

In all the post-national verbiage, no one has proposed a democratic substitute for the nation-state. All of the proposed alternatives—such as the community of nongovernmental organizations (NGOs)—are essentially bureaucratic instruments. And allowing people to vote in several jurisdictions will not mean much if those votes exercise no real influence on how these super-citizens are governed.

Note, finally, that there is a reason for the democratic deficit in institutions based on cultural diversity—namely, that democracy requires for its successful operation a solid substratum of cultural agreement. George Washington saw this very clearly 200 years ago when he said in his Farewell Address that “With slight shades of difference, [Americans have] the same religion, manners, habits, and political principles.” In other words, Americans of his time shared a common culture—an exiguous one perhaps, but an indubitably common one. And this common culture made republican government possible. If people differ deeply on moral fundamentals, they cannot live alongside one another in the same democracy—for they will place a greater stress on fulfilling their political aims than on accepting the rules of the game and their own occasional defeat.

This moral diversity in the world as a whole means that transnational institutions will always be limited in their practical power. What Islamic nation, for instance, will implement the abortion-rights provisions of the U.N. Convention on Women’s Rights? And if serious moral diversity is introduced into a society like the U.S. by large-scale immigration (and Muslim immigration seems most likely to do so) then there will be serious conflict over certain issues—though not necessarily violent conflict—until one side converts or conquers the other. It is perhaps most likely that the experience of living in America will convert Muslims to their own version of liberal democracy, as Protestant liberalism converted Irish Catholics in the 19th century to a liberal-democratic understanding of politics that was at variance with what most European Catholics thought at the time. But that is not certain, and it might take a great deal of time.

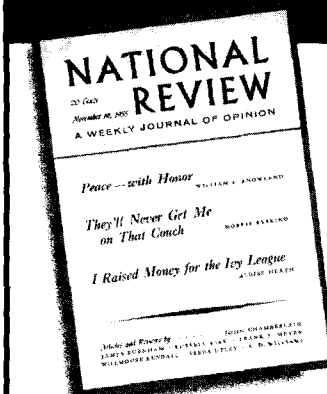
Before we despair, however, we should reflect that all this has happened before and that it had a happy outcome. One hundred years ago, the great wave of migration to the U.S. produced not

only ethnic diversity but also theorizing about cultural pluralism—as in the writings of Randolph Bourne and Horace Kallen—that is very similar to today’s multiculturalism. Bourne, for instance, argued in *The Atlantic Monthly* in 1916 that America should become a “cosmopolitan federation of national colonies, of foreign cultures.” He hoped that this new America would become “not a nationality, but a transnationality, a weaving back and forth with other lands.” Kallen similarly called for the U.S. to be “a federation of nationalities.”

But this cultural pluralism was firmly countered by the “Americanization” campaign led by some of the most significant figures in the America of that day, including Teddy Roosevelt, Louis Brandeis, and Woodrow Wilson, who argued fiercely against these ideas in favor of melting-pot assimilation. And once the American electorate realized what was at stake—i.e., would the immigrant adapt to America, or vice versa—the Americanization campaign swept all before it. The subsequent 40-year “pause” in immigration helped the U.S. digest the immigration of the previous 40 years, to melt the white ethnics together in the melting pot, and to create the mainly united America that defeated the Nazis in World War II.

But this didn’t happen by accident. It required firm leadership, a willingness to demand loyalty from new citizens, and the stomach to take on the transnational intellectuals and beat them in debate. In Australia, John Howard seems to have the necessary kidney: Who will do the job in America? **NR**

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Truth Teller

The nuclear scientist the Left loves to hate

JOHN J. MILLER

THE famous eyebrows are as bushy as they've ever been, though they've lost their color. The hair has turned white, too, and it's thinning. The eyes no longer see, except to tell the difference between day and night. Yet Edward Teller, perhaps the most politically important scientist of the 20th century, still possesses a sharp and curious mind. He dictates responses to e-mails, travels to his office twice a week, and stays on top of current events. Late last year, he published *Memoirs*, a 628-page brick of a book that is at once lively and profound; the paperback comes out this October. It chronicles a remarkable life, and includes everything from a description of meeting the legendary physicist Niels Bohr to advice on how we might one day stop gigantic meteors from smashing into the earth.

When I visited the 94-year-old Teller at his home on the campus of Stanford University, on August 26, the scheduled topic of our conversation was missile defense. The so-called "father of the H-bomb" might also be called the grandfather of missile defense—a longtime supporter of anti-ballistic technology who introduced Ronald Reagan to the concept more than 15 years before there was a Strategic Defense Initiative.

This ought to be a moment of great satisfaction for Teller, who now has both outlived the ABM Treaty and watched the Bush administration proceed with its full-steam-ahead program to develop the capability to shoot down enemy rockets and warheads. Teller is pleased by these recent developments, and he's happy to say so.

A SCIENTIST'S CRUSADE

But something besides missile defense is on his mind the day of our meeting, and he's itching to discuss it: cloning. He recently finished reading a book on it—or rather, he recently finished having it read to him. "I'm not sure I have a definite opinion about cloning yet," he says in his thick Hungarian accent. "Research on animal cloning should be very strongly pushed." He's less certain about human

cloning, but quite open to the possibility of it. We go on for a few minutes before I can resist no longer: "Dr. Teller, would you like to clone yourself?" He replies quickly, as if he's already given it some thought. "My preliminary answer is yes, even though I probably won't live long enough," he says. "I remember my early interest in mathematics. I would like to discuss mathematics with my clone and see if I could arouse his enthusiasm."

Now there's a thought sure to strike fear into American leftists: the cloning of Edward Teller. The first version, in their view, was bad enough—the very incarnation of Dr. Strange-love, a one-man axis of lunacy. Indeed, Teller was among the most polarizing figures of the Cold War. He not only conceived of the H-bomb, but also made its construction possible through relentless goading against arms-control liberals in the scientific community and the political establishment. He fought for the creation of a second federal weapons lab, and then saw it built in Livermore, Calif. He freelanced as an advocate-at-large for nuclear power in all its forms. And this

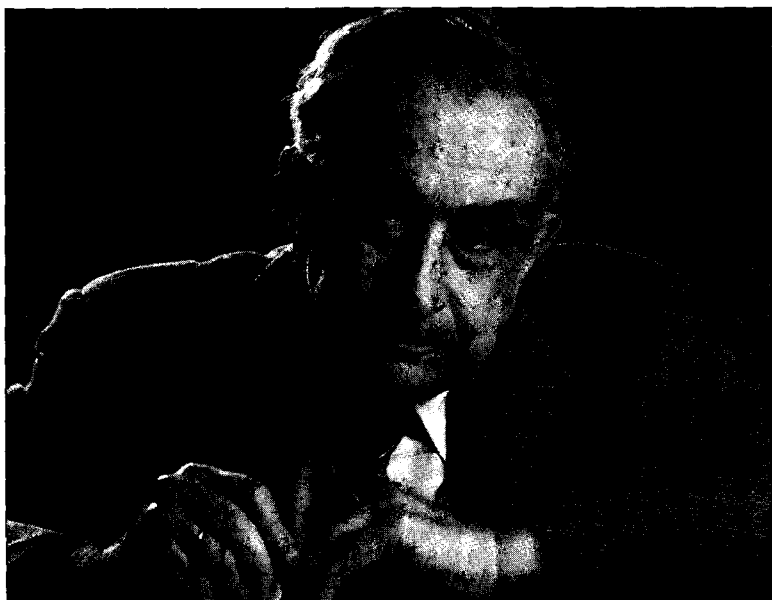
is to say nothing about his substantial role in advancing missile defense. "I really do feel it would have been a better world without Teller," physicist Isidor Rabi, a Nobel laureate, once said. "I think he is an enemy of humanity."

He certainly has been an enemy—of Communism. This may be his most unforgivable sin in the minds of obsessive anti-anti-Communists. Born in Budapest in 1908, Teller went to Leipzig for his Ph.D. in theoretical physics. The rise of Hitler convinced him that Germany was no place for a

Jew, so he took a job at George Washington University in 1935. "As late as 1937," writes Teller in *Memoirs*, "I believed that the experiment in Russia might be the answer to that nation's political and economic problems." It wasn't until he read *Darkness at Noon*, by fellow Hungarian Arthur Koestler, that he awoke from this naïveté and felt he finally knew the truth about Communism.

By then Teller's scientific brilliance had started to attract attention, and in 1941 he became one of the first physicists recruited to join the Manhattan Project in Los Alamos. As he worked to build an atomic bomb, however, he found his mind constantly racing ahead toward an even more ambitious project: the hydrogen bomb, a thousand times more powerful than the weapon the United States would drop on Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

The H-bomb was a far-off concept, and many scientists believed that it violated the laws of physics. With the end of World War II, moreover, there was no overpowering sense of



Ross Resmeyer/Corbis

The grandfather of missile defense

urgency to try to develop a real one—except in the mind of Teller, who lobbied relentlessly on its behalf. Then in 1949, a U.S. Air Force plane detected an unusual amount of radiation in the atmosphere over the Far East. There could be only one explanation: The Soviet Union had detonated its first atomic device, several years sooner than even the wariest person had thought possible. The explosion prompted President Truman to order work to begin on the H-bomb. In less than three years, the U.S. added this massively powerful weapon to its arsenal, thanks in great part to the intellectual contributions and political legwork of Teller.

One of the people who opposed Truman's decision to build the H-bomb was Robert Oppenheimer, the former director of the Manhattan Project. For years, "Oppie" had fallen under scrutiny for his left-wing political sympathies, but he had always managed to deflect suspicions that he wasn't loyal to his country. In 1954, however, the Atomic Energy Commission was concerned enough to convene hearings on Oppenheimer's security clearance. During these proceedings, it came out that Oppenheimer had lied several years earlier to federal investigators about his contacts with known Communists, which had been extensive.

These revelations were probably enough to guarantee that Oppenheimer's clearance would be yanked. Yet it was Teller who delivered the mortal blow. When the committee's chairman asked Teller whether he thought Oppenheimer deserved clearance, Teller replied that he did not believe his old colleague would knowingly do anything to hurt his country. Then he added, "If it is a question of wisdom and judgment, as demonstrated by actions since 1945, then I would say one would be wiser not to grant clearance."

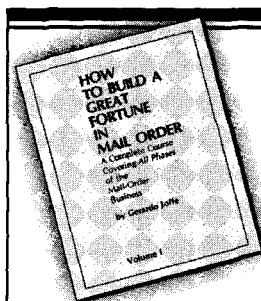
Those words also changed Teller's own life. When Teller returned to Los Alamos, he was surprised and distressed to learn that many of his friends and coworkers would not even shake his hand—they considered him an accomplice to a new Red Scare that had just defrocked a great man who had done an enormous service to his country. In their view, Teller was exacting revenge for Oppenheimer's views on the H-bomb.

In *Memoirs*, Teller defends much of his testimony but also expresses regret for saying that Oppenheimer didn't deserve clearance: "I proved not only that stupidity is a general human property but that I possessed a full share of it." This is a curious admission, because, if anything, Teller's central claim about Oppenheimer's poor judgment has grown more convincing over time.

Fresh evidence reveals that Teller's concerns about Oppenheimer were in fact justified. A pair of new books, *Brotherhood of the Bomb* by Gregg

Herken and *Sacred Secrets* by Jerrold and Leona Schecter, reveal that Oppenheimer was a secret member of the Communist party as late as 1942. "The evidence is getting heavier that he cooperated with Soviet intelligence to some extent," says John Earl Haynes, a historian who specializes in the American Communist movement. This is not to say Oppenheimer was a spy in the familiar sense of the word—that is, a direct source of information for Soviet agents, which is what KGB general Pavel Sudoplatov alleged in 1994. Yet he does appear to have been a facilitator of espionage who was aware of subordinates who did spy for the Soviets. He also seems to have changed his mind about all this in 1943, when he apparently abandoned his Communist party membership and provided a few names to American security officials—though the information he volunteered was minimal.

Teller doesn't include these details in *Memoirs*, which is odd because they vindicate much of his testimony. "He had a big problem with Sudoplatov's allegations," says Judith Shoolery, Teller's longtime assistant. In addition to fingering Oppenheimer, the Russian also named Enrico Fermi as a source of Soviet intelligence. Teller thought the allegation preposterous, and denounced Sudoplatov in the *Wall Street Journal*. Others, however, have not shared Teller's reluctance to press charges against Oppenheimer. In their 2000 book *The Venona Secrets*, Herbert Romerstein and Eric Breindel concluded that "Oppenheimer did in fact knowingly supply classified information on the atom bomb to the Soviet Union."



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BRAVING THE STORM

Among scientists, the Oppenheimer hearings inspired a fierce and irrational hatred of military projects in general and Teller in particular. "What happened over the Oppenheimer case not only polarized the scientific community but also brought about the situation that at least ninety percent of the scientists and probably more consider it immoral to cooperate in any way with the military. Our present military weakness goes back to those days," remarked Teller in 1983. Reviewing *Memoirs for the New York Times*, Richard Rhodes even found a way to blame Teller for the events of September 11: "It remains to be determined how much responsibility the missile-defense mandarins bear for the nation's lack of protection against terrorist attacks, how much their glamorous and expensive high-tech visions distracted our leaders from practical home defenses."

This was Teller's final offense: pushing for missile defense, and helping create the conditions for its present success and hopeful future. Teller actually started thinking about missile defense as early as 1945, when he authored a report for the Navy. "It has been often said that no defense against the atomic bomb is possible," he wrote. "I do not agree with this statement if taken too literally." He believed that offensive capabilities would outstrip defensive ones, but still imagined situations in which defensive missiles would be usefully deployed.

Teller's identification with SDI was so complete that many of his old foes allowed it to color their views of this new project.

Teller wouldn't return to the subject for many years—"I was busy," he deadpans in our interview—but by the mid 1960s he was again involved in missile defense. Soon after Ronald Reagan was elected governor of California, in 1966, Teller invited him to visit the weapons lab at Livermore. Reagan accepted, and on November 22, 1967, he made the trip—and received, during a two-hour presentation, what must have been his first exposure to the serious idea of missile defense. "What we told the governor was not simple, but he listened carefully and asked perhaps a dozen salient questions. Those questions made two points clear: The topic was quite new to the governor, and he understood the essence and importance of what we were discussing," wrote Teller in *Memoirs*. "When the briefing was finished, I knew that Reagan had listened; I believed that he understood; but I had no idea whether he approved of the work or not."

He wouldn't know for many years. Soon after Reagan became president, Teller began to press the administration to embrace the missile-defense cause. Initially, he was frustrated by its apparent refusal. In the summer of 1982, he lodged a complaint with NR's William F. Buckley Jr. on *Firing*

Line: "From the time that President Reagan has been nominated, I have not had a single occasion to talk to him." Reagan himself apparently saw the program—and Teller had his meeting less than two months later. It didn't go well, or at least it didn't seem to at the time. Teller made a short presentation on strategic defense, but felt that Reagan's staff undercut him with questions and concerns.

Teller's mood was bleak, but he didn't give up. He worked with the White House Science Council to produce a report on the technical prospects of missile defense, which was completed in January 1983. That March, Teller received a phone call asking him to attend a dinner at the White House. He cancelled his appointments and rushed to Washington for a meal with Reagan and other leading scientists shortly before the president went on national television to announce the Strategic Defense Initiative. "I remember being surprised by the speech because Reagan finally was explicit on the topic after being silent and never giving any indication on it," recalls Teller.

Over the next several years, Teller threw himself into technical debates over how best to build a missile-defense system. His identification with SDI was so complete, in fact, that many of his old foes allowed it to color their views of this new project. In 1987, he attended a White House dinner in honor of the Soviet premier Mikhail Gorbachev and his wife. Teller was one of the last to march through the receiving line, and Reagan introduced the scientist to the Soviet leader. "I put my hand out to shake hands, but Gorbachev stood unmoving and silent," writes Teller. It was a familiar spectacle, though it startled and upset the old Hungarian.

Teller doesn't participate in high-level missile-defense confabs anymore, but he stays abreast of developments. "Missile defense is difficult, necessary, and possible," he says. "The ABM Treaty was not useful, and President Bush had a good excuse to get out of it." He scoffs at the suggestion that missile defense is an unwise distraction during the age of terrorism. "That's an entirely different question," he says, with some irritation. "Missile defense is for national survival, and it's more important than defense against terrorism." He goes on to advocate boost-phase intercepts—in other words, developing the ability to strike enemy missiles shortly after they're launched. "Whether it would work against a powerful and determined opponent, I don't know," he says. "Today it's the right way to go. I do not see any opponent powerful enough to be effective against a strong determination on our part."

At the conclusion of our interview, Teller summons an assistant to resume reading the book they were enjoying before my arrival: Roy Jenkins's recent biography of Winston Churchill. ("I like it," says Teller. "There are so many things I had forgotten, though I dislike many of the details about with whom Churchill had coffee.")

I leave the old man where I found him: lying back in a blue recliner, resting his head on a pillow and keeping warm under a blanket. His body may be immobilized, but his mind continues to churn. I can't help thinking that if we have to clone somebody, Edward Teller might be just the guy.

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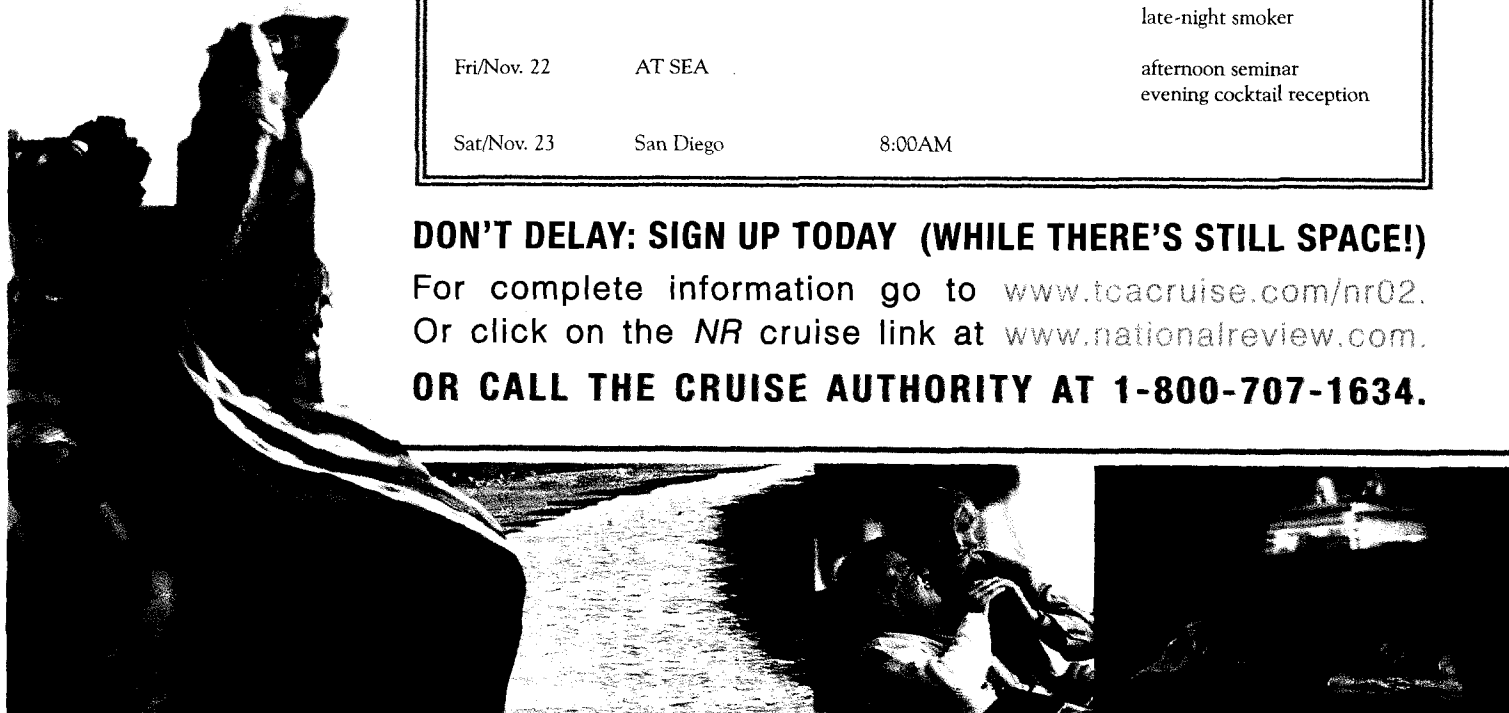
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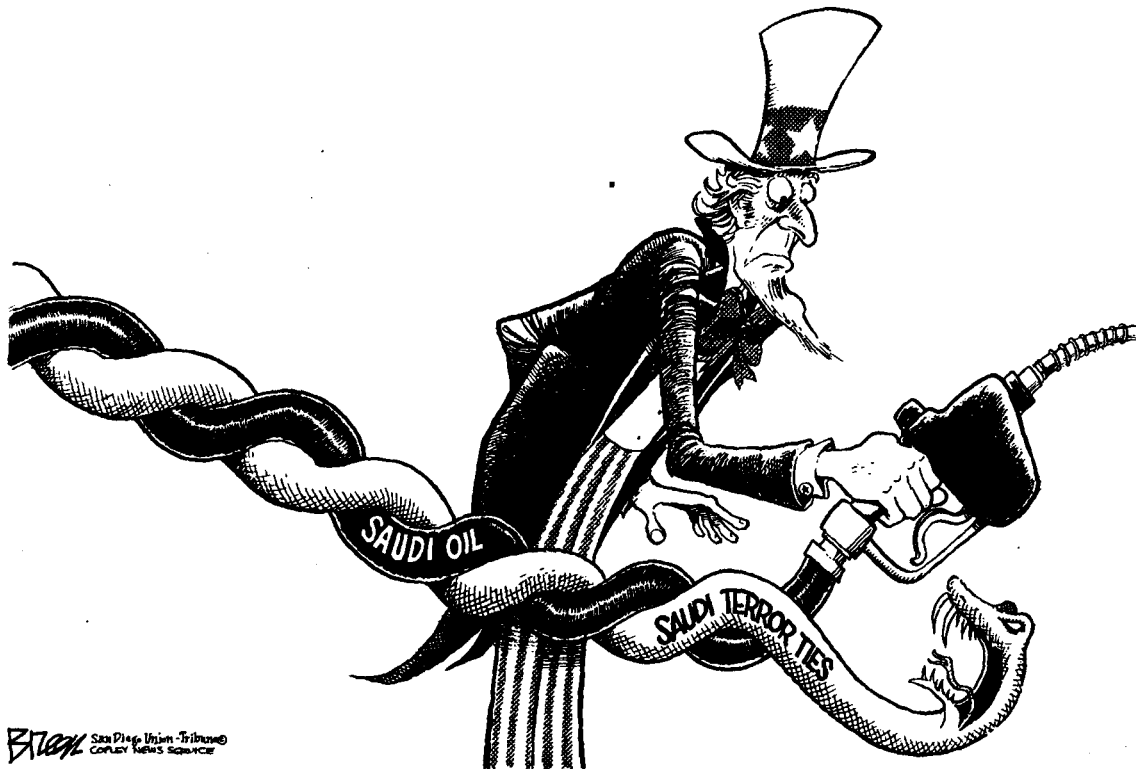
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THE LONG VIEW

By Rob Long

Movie Lovers! Now you can buy the 1952 classic "High Noon" in the version YOU prefer! It's an American favorite, and one that's even more timely today, as we face acts of terrorism at home, and battle cries abroad!

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This classic tale of a man "too proud to run" stars Gary Cooper and Grace Kelly in a film directed by Fred Zinnemann and written by Carl Foreman. Stoic lawman Will Kane (Cooper) brought peace and tranquility to the western town of Hadleyville, only to have the feckless and cowardly townspeople turn their backs on him when outlaw Frank Miller returned to exact his revenge. In the compelling "Town Meeting" scene, Will Kane faces an apathetic and complacent citizenry unwilling to stand up and fight. So Will goes it alone. A brilliant, moving tale of heroism and sacrifice. An American classic. Running time: 85 minutes.

"High Noon"— The Original in Color™

The same great movie! The same great cast! But this time, revel in the yellowish peach of Gary Cooper's iconic face, and enjoy the pastel pink of Grace Kelly's face! Running time: 85 minutes.

"High Noon"—The United Nations Commemorative Edition™

The non-stop, stand-up-and-cheer, dynamite, action-packed "Town Meeting" scene will have you on the edge of your seat! The 16-hour Security Council debate, in which the delegates decide to table the original

motion laid out by the previous set of Council directives, and form a committee to phrase a possible three-step authorization for Will Kane to use force (the specifics and limitations of which are to be delineated in a follow-on set of communiqués) is destined to be a film classic! In a shocker ending, Frank Miller agrees to cease all illegal activity in exchange for being granted jurisdiction over the Hadleyville train depot. The townspeople cheer as destabilizing violence is averted! Running time: 24 years.

"High Noon"— The Bill Clinton Variations™

Not so much the story of Will Kane, who, after all, wasn't really elected to be town marshal in the first place, but the story of Bill Jones, the tireless town marshal right before Will Kane, who worked like a dog trying to get Frank Miller to turn himself in. High tension permeates the scenes where Bill Jones almost gets Frank Miller again and again and again. You'll be on the edge of your seat in the famous "Town Meeting" scene when Bill Jones tries to raise a posse of townspeople, only to be beset by personal questions of a sexual nature. In the stirring final sequence, the townspeople realize that it was Bill Jones, and not Will Kane, who was the true hero of Hadleyville. Luckily for them, Bill Jones is still available for consultations. Running time: 7 hours, 21 minutes. Some nudity.

"High Noon"—Version Française™

In this stirring and compelling tale of loneliness, betrayal, and compromise, thrill to the famous "Town Meeting" sequence, where the townspeople offer to act as mediators between Will Kane (played by Woody Allen) and Frank Miller (Jerry Lewis) in an effort to avoid a violent and enervating confrontation. In the dazzling final scene, set entirely in a carnival funhouse, Kane attempts to confront both the

townspeople and Frank Miller, but instead sees only his own distorted reflection. He is eventually killed by Frank Miller while the townspeople look on, enjoying a cigarette. Running time: 4 hours, 32 minutes.

"High Noon"— Upper West Side Edition™

As it turns out, there were many voices left out during Will Kane's (played by Tim Robbins) sometimes controversial tenure as Hadleyville's "marshal." In a poignant and sometimes rancorous presentation, utilizing the art forms of dramatic reading, interpretive movement, dance, drumming, and political theater, some of the unheard voices—people of color; gays, lesbians, and transgendered; Asians and Pacific Islanders—speak truth to power. In the passionate and riveting "Town Meeting" scene, Will Kane is confronted with his "politics of power" and realizes that in his career as a "law-enforcement officer" he has perpetuated a racist and homophobic notion of "law" and "order." He submits to Frank Miller's bullet willingly and with apologies to all. Running time: 136 minutes.

"High Noon"—The Presidential Candidates Presentation Cut™

The same timeless story. Told several different ways. The "Town Meeting" set piece takes place during the entire film, with interesting and often hilarious cut-away scenes. Experimental film at its most entertaining! Don't miss the now-famous "John Kerry" sequence, in which John Kerry (playing himself) stands next to Will Kane as he shoots Frank Miller, pointing out the various options available and the problems associated with each one. Running time: 93 hours.

"High Noon"—The Donald Rumsfeld Special Edition™

A fast-paced thrill ride. Will Kane rides to the stop before Hadleyville, boards Frank Miller's train, shoots him in the head, then rides to Hadleyville and shoots his two henchmen in the head. The famous "Town Meeting" scene doesn't occur. Running time: 3 minutes.

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Soldiers of the State

MICHAEL KNOX BERAN

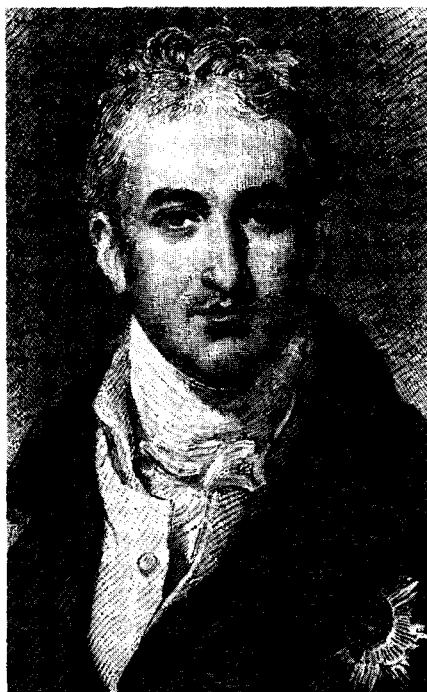
The Shield of Achilles: War, Peace, and the Course of History, by Philip Bobbitt (Knopf, 919 pp., \$40)

ROBERT STEWART, second viscount Castlereagh, was the British foreign minister from 1812 to 1822. A member of the Irish peerage, melancholy, aloof, in many ways mysterious, he won a place in the British cabinet; there he labored, during the last decade of his life, to turn the coalition of Great Powers leagued against France into a peacetime alliance capable of establishing, and preserving, order in Europe.

To a large extent he succeeded. In 1814 the allied powers—Great Britain, Russia, Austria, and Prussia—pledged to maintain a collective-security arrangement that would survive the defeat of Bonaparte's France. This "Concert of Europe" was ratified a short time later by the Congress of Vienna; Castlereagh dared to hope that its very existence would tend to promote the stability of Europe. In the future an aspiring conquistador, eager to emulate Bonaparte or Louis XIV, would no longer be able to rely, as those princes had, on a strategy of divide and conquer; he must consider instead that any attempt to enlarge his country's territory would draw upon him the wrath of a united coalition.

Reviled as a malignant schemer, a diplomatist deep in the cabals of Metternich and Talleyrand, Castlereagh was as misunderstood, in his own day, as the farsighted man tends to be—or so

Mr. Beran is writing a book about Thomas Jefferson.



Viscount Castlereagh

Philip Bobbitt argues in his excellent new book, *The Shield of Achilles*. On August 12, 1822, Castlereagh committed suicide, but his contributions to the theory and practice of collective security outlived him, and retain their value even today. Bobbitt believes that alliances formed on the viscount's logic—NATO, for example—will continue to be effective in the new era we are entering, while other approaches to order—such as the United Nations and the European Union—will prove even more useless in the future than they have in the past.

The thoughtfulness of Bobbitt's portrait of Castlereagh will give the reader some idea of the interest and intelligence of this book. The author's ability to bring a diplomatic drama to life is doubtless related to his own experience; he is a rare combination of philosopher and public servant. He has taught not only at the University of Texas, but also at Oxford and the University of London; he has served as a counselor to presidents on matters of national security, and to senators in connection with the Iran-Contra affair. He has been sen-

sitive to each of these environments, and this sensitivity is reflected in the worldliness of his analyses. His urbanity is not merely intellectual; he has a highly developed and quite unacademic feeling for power, a feeling attainable, perhaps, only by those who have had some share in its exercise.

The state exists, Bobbitt notes with characteristic lack of sentimentality, because it is able to hurt people. Violence is its métier. It is this, the state's ability to act violently, that enables it to protect its inhabitants both from external threats (foreign enemies) and internal violence (criminals). But the forms that violence assumes are not static; new, more concentrated, and more lethal forms of violence are continually being developed. If a particular state is to survive, it must adapt to the changed realities, and find ways both to defend against and to deploy the new machineries of violence.

In the 15th century the Ottoman Turks assembled artillery powerful enough to pound the walls of Constantinople into rubble. In 1453 the city fell, and European princes trembled. No wall exists, Machiavelli wrote, "however thick, that artillery cannot destroy." This innovation in weaponry, Bobbitt shows, produced a corresponding revolution in the state. In order to defend against the new threat, the Italian princes implemented a series of far-reaching policy changes. The resulting renovation marked the emergence of a new form of constitutional order, the "princely state."

The Shield of Achilles traces the successive revolutions in strategy and constitutional thought that created, over time, the modern state. Innovations in tactics sometimes drove constitutional change. The infantry countermarch of the 17th century, for example, solved problems caused by delay in the reload-

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ing of muskets; but this elaborate drill could only be performed by closely disciplined troops. Armies capable of maintaining such esprit de corps could not be accommodated within the structures of a princely state, and intelligent statesmen set out to remodel their outmoded constitutions. In France, Cardinal Richelieu worked to transform the "princely" Valois constitution into a "kingly" Bourbon one—the instrument that enabled Louis XIV to field, for a time, the most powerful armies in Europe.

In some cases, constitutional developments dictated changes in tactics. Bonaparte, for example, was at the head of an army in the revolutionary turmoil that made France what Bobbitt calls a "state-nation." Even the Corsican, with all his military genius, could not hope, in such conditions, to impose upon his troops the rigorous discipline of Frederick the Great. He instead found ways to channel into the army the immense patriotic enthusiasm inspired by the French Revolution. He exploited the strategic possibilities inherent in the *levée en masse*, or universal male conscription; and for a time his gigantic citizen-armies were irresistible in Europe.

Bobbitt grasps brilliantly the interplay of strategic innovation and constitutional change that made the modern state; but he is less sensitive, I think, to the third force at work, that of spiritual aspiration. A number of the constitutional mutations he analyzes came about, in part, because men sought a substitute for the unity of endeavor that had vanished with the passing of the Middle Ages. A desire to recreate the broken wholeness is evident in the efforts of citizens to revive, in the Italian peninsula, the civic life of Athens and Rome. It was in France, however, that the most thorough attempt was made to recreate, in the new environment of the state, a semblance of the old medieval coherence. Here was a kingdom in which, by the end of the 17th century, the political, spiritual, and economic life of the people

revolved around the king. Louis XIV was the "*roi-soleil*" at the center of the new universe. Bossuet, the court preacher, believed that the monarchy, a "sacred" institution, was central to the spiritual meaning of France; Colbert, the finance minister, showed that Versailles could play a no less vital role in superintending the economic development of the realm.

The absolutist model of Louis XIV was never intended to be merely an archaic revival; on the contrary,

Bossuet believed that kingly government was an ongoing work of "reason and intelligence." If the poetry of state was centralized in the drama of kingship, the intellect of the kingdom was concentrated in the royal ministries. This massing of bureaucratic brainpower was meant to facilitate progress through the rational direction of affairs; and the royal mandarins, charged with refining the principles of the Bourbon solar system, strove to reduce France to the geometrical order of a garden at Versailles.

It was at this time that an alternative model of governance was fashioned in England. There the "kingly state" never ripened into maturity. The Tudors, it is true, laid the foundation for such a state, and the Stuarts attempted to build upon it. But they failed: The idea that the political, spiritual, and economic life of the kingdom could be wrapped up in a coherent bundle was rejected as impracticable, and the various departments of life were allowed to operate independently of one another. Nor would there be, within any particular department, an insistence upon organic unity; people would instead take their politics, and even their religion, much as they took their other household goods—by going to the market and seeing what was on sale, and at what price.

A great deal that is valuable in the modern "market-state," as Bobbitt calls it, was implicit in the legislation enacted by the Whigs after the Revolution of 1688. The Bill of Rights (1689) secured the "rights and liberties of the subject"; the Toleration Act (1689) protected certain categories of religious dissent; the Triennial Act (1694) required the "frequent meeting and calling of Parliaments"; the decision not to renew the Licensing Act emancipated the press. To the early years of the Whig regime may be traced, too, a number of innovations in the infrastructure of the capital markets, among them the creation in 1694 of the Bank of England—which gave England

AT POE'S GRAVE, WESTMINSTER CHURCH

Lovers tread lightly the April grass,
Whisper among tombs, in honor and fear

Of the very souls that might bless
Their passage. This green island

Necropolis in the urban sea
Invites lovers to stroll,

Embrace out of sight of all
But the gentle dead who cannot

Hide their delight, but spin it out
In myrtle, sudden violets, wild thyme.

The stone lyre wound in laurel
On the cornice of the poet's tomb

Cannot keep still in this breeze
But hums an ethereal chord as

The young woman leans to touch
A stone carved with her initials.

Her lover picks a violet for her,
She raises her lips to his and as

They kiss the breathless landscape runs
Lengthwise through them, vanishing

Into a niche where there is no death,
Past or future graveyard, no dominion

But the bound and indivisible soul.
When at last they come to themselves

Years later—or maybe only a few seconds—
The world returns to April somewhat shaken.

—DANIEL MARK EPSTEIN

interest rates lower than those on the Continent.

William III confirmed the Whig settlement partly for military reasons: Regulation was costly, and he needed cash to fight the Sun King. A long, desperate struggle between the two contending systems ensued; but although England eventually triumphed over France, the victory did not doom the principle for which the French fought. It is true that France began to move, after the defeat of Bonaparte, in a Whig direction; and in the days of Guizot and the July Monarchy French liberalism reached its zenith. Russia and Austria, however, two of the signatories to Castlereagh's 1814 pact, remained committed to the autocratic model of Louis XIV, and sought to defend it through a Holy Alliance with Prussia.

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**Bobbitt's book should be on
every desk in the State
Department.**

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Philosophers, meanwhile, devised new theories by which the felicities of a communal existence could be secured without resort to an anachronistic absolutism. Romanticism supplied a theoretical justification for nationalism; bogus economic science and esoteric German philosophy, rearranged by Marx, supplied the basis for another theory, which held that men and women could realize their innate sociability through new forms of communal organization. These communes, it was believed, would be a great advance over the fragmented and hypercompetitive existence fostered by liberalism.

In the dark genius of Bismarck these two strains of communal longing were brought together. Bismarck's ambition was to sort the European peoples into their aboriginal "tribes"; and amid scenes of tribal ecstasy he united the German nation. The old Junker then proceeded to lay the foundation for the quasi-socialist *Wohlfahrtstaat*. Hitler, who perceived the crueler possibilities in these policies, carried them to an extreme: he called his program "National Socialism." These developments were paralleled in Russia: After the col-

lapse of tsarist absolutism in 1917, the Bolsheviks attempted to implement a form of Marxian socialism; but Stalin, the consolidator of the Russian Revolution, recognized that socialism by itself could not secure the state. He began knitting nationalist threads into the fabric of the socialist constitution, and in order to fight the "Great Patriotic War" he revived the mystique of Mother Russia.

Bobbitt's book, splendid though it is, would be even more persuasive if it brought the reader to see, in the various wars with which it deals, the larger struggle between the aggrandizing communal regimes and the market-oriented free states. What Bobbitt calls the "Long War," in the 20th century, among the liberal democracies, the Axis powers, and the Soviet Union, seems to me to have been one episode in a continuing fight between those who accept the liberal (Whig) dissociation of experience and sensibility, and those who yearn for the simplicity and coherence found in a state where every aspect of existence is subjugated to a transcendent ideal. Such a narrative would help the reader to see that, although the liberal democracies prevailed in the Long War, their victory came at the price of some of their anti-totalitarian principles. Americans tolerated, in the middle of the last century, a highly militarized state, punitive tax rates, and a centralizing regime in Washington.

Now that the latest fight has been won, Bobbitt writes, statesmen should concentrate on refining market-based order. And yet the keepers of the market-state cannot relax their vigilance; the United States, Bobbitt argues, must pursue missile defense and take the lead in establishing security coalitions on the NATO model.

This book—with its masterly reappraisal of modern history and subtle elucidation of today's geopolitics—should be on every desk in the State Department. And yet it cannot answer—perhaps no book can—the largest question now before us. We have still to find a way to appease those yearnings for coherence, that quixotic passion for a unifying ideal, which may again grow strong enough to upset, once more, the precarious order of the free states.

NR

A Proud Day

CHRISTOPHER E. BALDWIN

Heart of a Soldier: A Story of Love, Heroism, and September 11th,
by James B. Stewart (Simon & Schuster, 321 pp., \$24)

CONSIDER the last 18 months. It looks like The Great American Crack-up: A decade-long orgy of moneyed excess and Clintonian evasion comes to a climax in roiling capital markets and collapsing portfolios, domestic terrorism and foreign war, disgraced clerics and discovered corporate thievery. Even baseball threatened to let America down.

But—as if to restore our faith—along comes this excellent book. *Heart of a Soldier* is the story of a life of heroic virtue and self-sacrifice, but it is also a simple love story, the love of a big-hearted man for his adopted country, for his friends and family, and for the woman who completed him. And it is a story of this man's triumph over the soul-destroying hatred of 9/11.

James B. Stewart is both a best-selling author and a Pulitzer prize-winner; in a matter of pages one sees why. He has chosen a subject that is riveting in itself, and rendered it with glass-clear prose that leaves the reader with an intimate understanding of the story and its people.

Rick Rescorla was born in a working-class village in Cornwall, England—to a family of modest means, modest education, and modest ambition—just before World War II. Stewart deftly guides our imagination to see a small boy captivated by great dreams of "foreign places and adventure, fantasies fueled by weekly trips to the Palace Cinema." And it is as if this small boy sitting in the dark of the Palace Cinema wills his life to conform to the heroic, romantic images that so

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captivated and thrilled him. Restless with the uneventful domesticity of Cornwall, Rescorla joins the British army at 17 and starts a life adventure worthy of Hollywood.

Stewart describes Rescorla's military service in Northern Rhodesia, a near-otherworldly place of "free-flowing Watney's Red Barrel ale, the gin-and-tonics before supper [and] white-jacketed servants." In the warm receding light of the British Empire our hero meets an American, Dan Hill, who becomes his lifelong friend and comrade-in-arms. The two hunt and camp on the African plain, and Stewart's lens focuses in on Rescorla's autodidactic enthusiasm for poetry and fiction, especially for Kipling.

With the colonial order coming to an end, Hill and Rescorla decide to leave Rhodesia and agree on their life's ambition: fighting Communism. "We both want to fight Communists, and keep them from world domination," Hill implores. "There's only one place to do that. . . . It's the U.S. . . . We can go to the States, enlist in the army. . . . When you get to New York, call me."

Rescorla and Hill did enlist; they trained at Fort Benning and headed to Vietnam. Stewart's description of Rescorla's war experiences in Vietnam—blood, sweat, and terror—is gripping in its heroism as well as its horrors. "The place looked like the devil's butcher shop," one soldier recounted. "There were people hanging out of trees. The ground was slippery with blood. Men who were my closest friends were all around me, dead."

Despite death's steady devouring of his friends and comrades—perhaps because of it—Rescorla experienced full communion with those under his command. He could, Stewart tells us,

name them all, the men who'd died under his command. He knew their names, their faces, their hometowns, their family members. He knows what wounds they had suffered and how, where and when they had died. He told Hill he had held them in his arms, their young faces stricken with pain and anxiety and fear of death. "You're going to be all right," he had told them all, no matter how dire their condition. He would keep saying it until they died. . . . And then

he wiped his hands in their blood. Feeling their blood, he said, helped give him a sense of closure.

Rescorla and Hill survived Vietnam, and both were awarded the highest commendations for their valor. They had a hard time making the transition into post-Vietnam America: Stewart contrasts the heroics of battle with the struggles of the veterans to grope their way through the numbing mundane-

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**Stewart gives the reader
a monument more enduring
than the towers: a man's
sacrifice.**

■

ness of civilian life, of loveless marriages and strangely detached family lives. Hill seeks refuge in the strictures of the Koran—becoming a devout Muslim—and fights with the mujaheddin in Afghanistan. Rescorla pursues a career in corporate security, eventually serving as chief of security for Morgan Stanley Dean Witter at the World Trade Center. After a broken marriage and a bout with cancer, Rescorla meets and falls in love with Susan, as he approaches what will turn out to be the last chapter of his life. Stewart recreates vividly the delight of a fresh romance, the burst of joy felt by a man and woman who know what a precious gift they have been given.

Lurking eerily in the background is the other story: the mass-murder plot being painstakingly crafted by the al-Qaeda terrorists. Stewart details how Rescorla, as Morgan Stanley's security chief, worked with Hill to produce a white paper that warned of a terrorist attack remarkably similar to the actual World Trade Center bombing that would take place in 1993. The author recounts that, in 2000, Hill offered the U.S. government the services of his mujaheddin comrades for an attempt to capture or kill Osama bin Laden. (The government decided it didn't

need this help.) He also describes how Rescorla and Hill later predicted and warned that the World Trade Center could be taken down with hijacked aircraft. It is against this backdrop of government stupidity and incompetence that Rescorla served his country one last time.

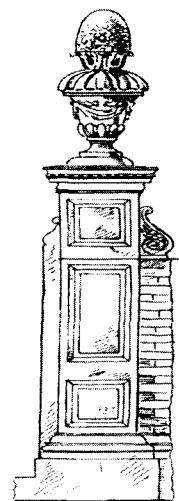
In his security work, he had trained his people well. The regular evacuation exercises he initiated after the 1993 bombing—over protests from money brokers whose trading days had to be interrupted—paid off on September 11. Moments after the first plane hit, Rescorla—bullhorn in hand—was guiding his 3,000-plus charges down the stairs. He reassured the anxious, and filled the stairwells with song; he bellowed into his bullhorn refrains of a favorite British war song, "Men of Harlech" (made famous by the 1964 Michael Caine movie *Zulu*):

Men of Cornwall, stand ye ready;
It cannot be ever said ye
For the battle were not ready;
Stand and never yield!

All the while, Susan was watching the horror on television, telephone in hand, calling his number over and over, consumed by the agony of knowing what she did not want to know. Rick did finally call Susan, and spoke a handful of words—as powerful as they are spare: "Stop crying. I have to get these people out safely. If something should happen to me, I want you to know I've never been happier. You made my life." Rescorla went back to leading his people to safety. Even as the heat grew and his breaths became shorter, he kept his suit

coat on. "Today is a day to be proud to be an American," this adopted son of America bellowed into the bullhorn as he continued up the stairwell. Minutes later, Tower Two collapsed, and Rescorla perished.

Stewart gives the reader a monument more enduring than the towers: a man's sacrifice, an act of love that saved thousands of lives and made the dark wickedness of that day a backdrop for the triumph of heroic virtue. **NR**



■ MUSIC ■

Bell Telephone Calling

JAY NORDLINGER

WHEN the CD came along, a lot of us were nervous: You mean we'll have to get rid of our LPs and tapes? You mean we'll have to *re-buy*? But the pure convenience of a CD soon won us over, even if a few of us were suspicious about that sound—which seemed to come from nowhere, ungrounded.

Now the DVD is upon us, in spades, and videocassettes will perhaps go the way of the dodo (or the LP, for that matter). The DVD—a shiny little disc just like the CD—is an inarguable blessing. One can skip around, just as on a CD, with no tiresome reversing or fast-forwarding. The DVD is mainly a bonanza for movies, I suppose—just as with a videocassette—but music-lovers have a reason to rejoice, too. All those who want to see their music should be pleased.

And what is there to see? Well, mainly opera, of course, the most “visual” of the types of music. But there is utility in seeing orchestral concerts and recitals, too, if only to satisfy curiosity: What did so-and-so look like? How did he present himself? What was his magnetism, if any, in the hall?

Video Artists International is an invaluable source for historic CDs, videos, and—increasingly, as the medium rises—DVDs. The company offers a nice menu of these “video discs,” prominent among them complete operas, of course. We see—not only hear, but see—Joan Sutherland's *Norma*, with the late Tatiana Troyanos as Adalgisa. We see Beverly Sills's *Violetta*, in *La Traviata*—one of her most distinguished roles.

But we also see some old television. There was a time when classical music had a place on TV, and not just public

TV, a few times a year. The fearsome Toscanini reigned supreme in NBC's Studio 8-H. Leonard Bernstein staged his Young People's Concerts. And *The Bell Telephone Hour* had a run from 1959 to 1968. You could see about anything on the *Hour*: a jazz band, Maria Tallchief and Rudolf Nureyev in a pas de deux, a comedy routine, and Birgit Nilsson singing the Immolation Scene. That's during the same hour, by the way.

The show was the baby of Donald Voorhees, the silver-maned conductor and all-purpose music man from Allentown, Pa. He got his start on Broadway, then linked up with radio. His *Bell* hour started on radio in 1940, then moved to TV—to Studio 8-H, in fact—in '59.

Video Artists International has culled segments from the TV episodes and fashioned them into several videocassettes and DVDs: We have the ballet dancers, and singers, and violinists, and pianists. Since opera stars hog a lot of attention in the wider culture, we'll have a look at the pianists and violinists, on two amazing, illuminating DVDs.

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**As these DVDs show us,
there was a time when
classical music had a place
on TV, and not just public TV.**
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The *Great Pianists* DVD features ten pianists, in a variety of music, most of it of the “popular” kind: the Grieg Concerto, that sort of thing. The proceedings occur with great dignity, even solemnity. Everyone is garbed in concert tails, and takes formal, silent bows (there seems to have been no studio audience). Baldwin Pianos must have been a sponsor of this show, because we have many, many shots—unavoidable shots—of the Baldwin name on the *Bell* piano.

First up is Claudio Arrau, the Chilean pianist, at the height of his powers in 1962, when he was 59. The eccentricities that were to mark his later years had not set in. He plays the Rondo of Beethoven's Emperor Concerto, and does so bracingly, manfully. And Don Voorhees turns out to be a creditable

conductor, even if he doesn't threaten Fritz Reiner's reputation.

Next comes the Cuban pianist Jorge Bolet in Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue*—and Voorhees relinquishes the podium for Paul Whiteman! It was Whiteman, of course, who conducted the premiere of the *Rhapsody*, with the composer at the piano, in 1924, a full four decades before this *Bell* telecast. Imagine knowing what Paul Whiteman looked like—while conducting! But then, now there's no need to imagine. Here, he is immensely dignified, even stately, as though reluctant to appear too much the jazzman before a national television audience. But at one point the camera catches him in a sweet, amused, grateful smile. Priceless—and a visual benefit, not an aural one. Bolet, unsurprisingly, is excellent.

It's good to see, and hear, the American pianist John Browning, playing the last movement of Brahms's D minor concerto at age 30. He seems to have drifted away from the concert scene now. This performance is intense, fast, and gripping. It is a young buck's performance, full of impetuosity—and Brahms would have loved it. The movement is truncated—so is Gershwin's *Rhapsody*, for that matter—in accordance with the demands of television. Browning takes the final section of the movement like the wind, leaving poor Voorhees and the boys far behind.

A particular treat is to see Robert Casadesu, the Frenchman known especially for his Impressionism (Debussy, Ravel) and Mozart. (Curiously, the two repertoires have often gone together.) Here, however, he plays Beethoven, at which he was equally adept. The

WHAT THEY'RE SAYING ABOUT



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third movement of the "Appassionata" Sonata is classic Casadesus, which is to say disciplined, rigorous, and sharply etched. One has to pinch oneself a little: This was American television? Prime time?

When Casadesus has finished, he introduces—in his thick French accent—his wife, Gaby, and his son, Jean, who will sit down with him to play a movement from the Bach concerto for three pianos (keyboards, we should say). So, *la famille Casadesus* occupies three grand pianos, sprawling out on the stage of Studio 8-H, with Voorhees far in the back, looking anxiously over his shoulder. All three Casadesus comport themselves stolidly.

Van Cliburn appeared in September 1960, two years after winning the Tchaikovsky Competition in Moscow, and thus earning a ticker-tape parade in Manhattan. Cliburn was 26 when he performed on *Bell* (at about the time Kennedy and Nixon were having their debates). He shows tremendous ease and confidence in Liszt's arrangement of Schumann's great song "Widmung."

And to witness these qualities is poignant, as he seems to have lost them somewhere along the way, in his most unusual, slightly sad career.

In 1963, the 29-year-old Philippe Entremont dropped by for the *Allegro vivace* from Saint-Saëns's Piano Concerto No. 4. He demonstrates his amazing technical facility and marked musicianship. This performance is extraordinarily exciting, and yet eschews bombast. This movement can be a circus, and yet Entremont is too refined for that.

Continuing the theme of *Where Are They Now?*, we have Lorin Hollander, a sensation of mid century who sort of dropped off the map. He was 15 years old when he appeared on *Bell*, fresh from a triumph at Carnegie Hall. He plays the Chopin C-sharp-minor waltz with exquisite maturity, and then romps through part of another Saint-Saëns concerto.

The final three pianists are José Iturbi—doing Iturbi-ish works, like the *Ritual Fire Dance*—Byron Janis, and Grant Johannesen. In a way, given these last two, and Browning, Cliburn, and Hollander, this DVD is a tour of the towering young American pianists of the middle of the century. And it was a laudable era.

The violin DVD! It is equally compelling. Right off, we are reminded—or told—that there was a time when Isaac Stern could play, before he became more of a guru and "personality." The year is 1959, and he plays Saint-Saëns's *Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso*. (These are happy DVDs for *le grand Camille*—Saint-Saëns, that is.) Technically, Stern is rock-solid, and he conveys this music not only nimbly but authoritatively and stylishly—*con slancio*.

We then have a rare—very rare—opportunity to see as well as hear Zino Francescatti, the consummate French violinist with the lilting Italian name. In a way, he is the violinistic counterpart of Robert Casadesus: same age, same nation, similar (musical) outlook. Maestro Voorhees takes to the piano to accompany Francescatti in an arrangement of Debussy's "Girl with the Flaxen Hair." Francescatti's tone—masculine, full—is intimately familiar, even if his face and physical presence aren't. After the

Debussy, Voorhees walks to the podium, and Francescatti plays that crowd-pleaser from Sarasate, *Zigeunerweisen*—yet he does so with astonishing nobility, and not a trace of vulgarity. That was Francescatti.

It's sad, just a bit, to see Michael Rabin, the brilliant talent who died at 35, in 1972. We hear him at 24, in the last movement of the Tchaikovsky Concerto, then two years later, in a couple of ditties from Kreisler. Rabin was a phenom who would only have broadened.

Out of another era entirely was Mischa Elman, born in 1891, and taking the *Bell* stage in 1962. He belonged to an age of highly individualistic violinists, of "homemade works of art," as the conductor-violinist Joseph Swensen says. On this DVD, Elman is well past his prime, but at least we get to see the man, and when he plays "Schön Rosmarin" by his contemporary Kreisler, we feel that we have touched something authentic.

A great surprise and delight here is the appearance of Erica Morini, a Vienna-born violinist all but forgotten today. She plays an old war-horse, the *Finale* from the Bruch Concerto No. 1, but she digs her spurs into it and makes it run. She is accurate, robust, spirited—thrilling, really.

We then have Yehudi Menuhin in middle age—1963—neither the kid in shorts nor the elderly sage who stood on his head in yoga exercises. Next appear two emissaries from the Soviet Union, David and Igor Oistrakh, father and son. They perform the last two movements of Bach's *Double Concerto*, faithfully and movingly. Then Ruggiero Ricci gives us the last movement of the Tchaik. And then we have, as a bonus, an appearance by a cellist, Gregor Piatigorsky. His concerto is the Saint-Saëns (wouldn't you know?), but the real prize is Fauré's cherished, much-milked little "Elegy." If there has ever been a more honest, more affecting performance of it, I haven't heard it.

When CDs hit the scene, one result was a plethora—a wave—of historical recordings. Thus did a vibrant new technology serve to bring back the past. The DVD might operate in a similar way—and there's maybe no better way to start than with several hours of *The Bell Telephone Hour*. **NR**

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Towers Still

RICHARD BROOKHISER

IT has been brought to my attention that the icon for this column is inaccurate, since the skyline formed by the steam that rises from the coffee mug beside the typewriter still includes the World Trade Towers. Of course the typewriter is also inaccurate—it is years since even NATIONAL REVIEW had such machines. But their passing was not a matter of public record. It would have been crass to remove the Trade Towers immediately: like air-brushing Trotsky or Lin Piao. A friend told me last fall that he had a grim fantasy of a doorman at the Empire State Building putting out a sidewalk sign-board that said, “NOW RENTING! Tallest bldg in NYC.” But how long should we keep pictures of the formerly tallest buildings? How long should we recall the departed?

The week after 9/11 my wife bought me a tourist tchotchke, a crude imitation Limoges box with the Statue of Liberty, the Trade Towers, the Empire State Building, and a tree on its lid. Everything was out of scale: Lady Liberty was bigger than Godzilla, and even the tree was 40 stories tall. Reaching for something in the clutter of my desk, I knocked it over. The Empire State Building now has a chipped top: art not imitating life. That knickknack was from pre-9/11 stock. My wife bought it, and I valued it, thinking such things would soon be exhausted. But they march on.

Not surprisingly, the Ground Zero site attracts vendors who sell booklets of photographs of the Towers and their destruction. When I take a subway going uptown, I see tourists from the Midwest or Germany gravely paging through them. I can feel a moment's irritation: This is news to you, pal? But, for all the magic of television, if they do not live here and this is their first

recent visit, then it is in some sense news to them, and they should take away memorials of their experience.

A thoughtful tourist-service economy has spread such items citywide. At any large newsstand, among the ranks and files of headlines, superheroes, and thighs, stand racks of postcards that, among their landmarks and night scenes, offer views of the Trade Towers. Some of the Trade Tower postcards are simple unadorned shots, ID cards for buildings. Others are kitsch—in the foreground, the Statue of Liberty, a stony tear streaking one of her cheeks. Some postcards carry slogans: LAND OF THE FREE, HOME OF THE BRAVE; LIBERTY AND JUSTICE FOR ALL. The newsstand business being what it is, most of the vendors are from the Indian subcontinent, and many of them are probably Muslims. Who would have thought that in the capital of blue America immigrants would be selling patriotic imagery while in North Carolina the native-born would be compelled to read sanitized Korans?

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The Trade Towers used to be a symbol of calm. Now they are the reminder of ugliness and pain.

■

One of the many quotidian curses of pre-Giuliani New York was graffiti, especially the swirling fungal letters in the subway. When street art coalesced into actual murals, it tended to hail the proletariat or people of color. Now wall painters have found a new subject, as small two-dimensional Trade Towers have spread over town. One of the most striking sets decorates the wall of a restaurant on Cooper Square, where Third Avenue turns into the Bowery. The scene of the mural is a nightscape—royal blue sky and buildings, white stars and windows. Against this dark, rich background, the Trade Towers stand out as bright boxes of leaves and flowers. The title of this piece is “Forever Tall,” and if you see it

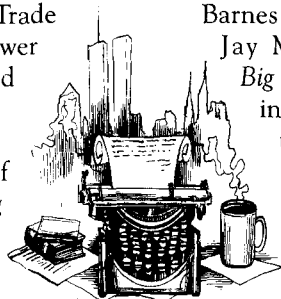
on foot, when you have time to stop and think, it is sentimental; the temperature in the doomed offices reached 2,000 degrees, there were no flowers there. But if you see it for an instant, from a passing cab, it only has time to make one point: We have the towers in our memories, affectionately.

You see the Trade Towers in Barnes & Noble. The cover of Jay McInerney's *Bright Lights, Big City* shows the hero looking sidelong at them. This is the cover the book has had since it was released in 1984, and it refers to the hero's final early-morning crisis, after many snow storms and

parties: “You wish this laughter could lift you out of your heavy body and carry you beyond this place, out through an open window and up over the city until all this ugliness and pain were reduced to a twinkling of faraway lights.” A few pages later, the hero sees faraway lights, but does not find relief. “The first light of the morning outlines the towers of the World Trade Center at the tip of the island. You turn in the other direction and start uptown.” What a difference a mass murder makes. Then the Trade Towers were a symbol of calm, either the calm of emotional distance or that of inner aridity. Now they are the reminder, whatever else we bring to them, of ugliness and pain.

Here is my final offer. I saw the Trade Towers when they were standing. I saw them when they were burning. My family had lunch at Windows on the World the day after my wedding. I went to an office in the towers to listen to a pitch for bonds. I got a passport somewhere in the complex. I used the subway station. I walked by Richard Serra's ugly *Tilted Arc*. I grumbled at the towers for not looking better than they did, and I came to see that in some conditions, generally of waxing, waning, or veiled light, they did look good. I put them in a history book as a backdrop for St. Paul's Chapel, where Col. Hamilton spoke and President Washington worshipped. They belong to my New York, and the New York of millions of other people. I will keep them in my icon.

NR



■ SHELF LIFE ■

MICHAEL A. LEDEEN, a scholar at the American Enterprise Institute and contributor to National Review Online, is one of America's most valuable experts on terrorism. In *The War Against the Terror Masters: Why It Happened. Where We Are Now. How We'll Win* (St. Martin's, 262 pp., \$24.95), he provides an impressive analysis not just of the particulars of our current struggle but of the overarching truths about American identity that will be the source of our eventual victory. Just like the Nazis, Japanese, and Soviets, writes Ledeen, the Taliban "grossly underestimated our enormous capacity to rapidly unite to accomplish a national mission. . . . It is because we feel ourselves part of a common enterprise—the advance of freedom—[that] we spontaneously organize ourselves to achieve that enterprise."

This is absolutely correct: The distinctive genius of the United States is to combine immense—indeed, unprecedented—military power with a remarkable lack of militarism. We don't seek out opportunities for war, in fact we do our best to avoid them; but when we are provoked, we fight to the death in the cause of peace and freedom. Ledeen explains what, specifically, this fight will entail in the coming months and years. He warns us not to "oversimplify the war by describing it as a war with Islam, or a war with Islamic Arabs. . . . While there are many peaceful Muslims, the terror masters follow a tyrannical and bellicose version of Islam"—one that Ledeen contends will rapidly fall out of favor among Muslims once reverses on the battlefield prove it isn't history's wave of the future.

Ledeen's book is bracing but optimistic. He notes our national "tendency to overrate the terrorists and underrate ourselves"—and gives us good reason to believe that if we stay focused on the need for regime change in terrorist-sponsoring countries, we'll win this war decisively:

Creative destruction is [America's] middle name, both within our own society and abroad. We tear down the

old order every day, from business to science, literature, art, architecture, and cinema to politics and the law. Our enemies have always hated this whirlwind of energy and creativity, which menaces their traditions (whatever they may be) and shames them for their inability to keep pace.

America, thy name is freedom—and woe to its enemies.

■ Also just published is *An Autumn of War: What America Learned from September 11 and the War on Terrorism* (Anchor, 240 pp., \$12), an anthology of Victor Davis Hanson's important writings on the current crisis. Hanson—who recently won the 2002 Eric Breindel Award for Excellence in Journalism—is a frequent contributor to National Review Online, and readers of his columns have come to cherish his solid, accurate diagnoses of the progress of the war. "These essays," he writes in his introduction, "reflect a deep belief that September 11 has reminded us how Western civilization and its more radical manifestation of liberty and capitalism in the United States are very different from other cultures past and present."

Hanson reached the most essential point about the war in an essay written a matter of hours after the 9/11 attacks:

We are in our own outright bloody war against tyranny, intolerance, and theocracy, an age-old fight against medieval foes who despise modernism, liberalism, and freedom and all the hope they bring to the human condition. . . . We can go to battle, as we once did in the past—hard, long, without guilt, apology, or respite until our enemies are no more.

Hanson is clearly a writer of great seriousness and discernment, but he is also capable of the light touch; his parodies of the home front—and especially of antiwar commentators—are pointed and devastatingly funny.

■ Just in time for the election season, David Horowitz gives us his new manifesto, *How to Beat the Democrats and Other Subversive Ideas* (Spence, 261 pp., \$27.95). It's a call to arms, with all the passion we have come to expect from Horowitz. He demands that conserva-

tives stop being defensive—especially on the race issue, which he calls "the Democrats' dirtiest weapon":

Republicans should . . . neutralize it with a countercharge like this: Democrats are conducting a racial witch hunt. They are doing it to divert attention from the fact that they have betrayed minority children and trapped them in bankrupt school systems . . . The Confederate flag may or may not be a racist symbol. But those Democratic policies are racist facts.

Horowitz is a man of insight, and a very entertaining polemicist.

■ Whenever his pontificate comes to a close, one thing is certain: Pope John Paul II will be a hard act to follow. He is at one and the same time a scholar, a politician, a man of prayer, and a media star—surely *sui generis* and thus irreplaceable. But a fine new book by Vaticanologist John L. Allen Jr. gives cause for hope: *The College of Cardinals* is showing some impressive bench strength, with any number of *papabili* (possible popes) who might capture the world's imagination.

Allen inclines toward the liberal side of various Church controversies, but *Conclave: The Politics, Personalities, and Process of the Next Papal Election* (Image, 231 pp., \$12.95) is fair to the more conservative cardinals. Dionigi Tettamanzi of Genoa, for example, is "moderate to conservative on theological issues" and "close to the conservative Catholic organization Opus Dei"—words that strike fear into the hearts of liberal Catholics; but Allen also notes that Tettamanzi "has a roly-poly, affable bearing reminiscent of John XXIII."

Another cardinal who bears watching is Ricardo Vidal of Cebu in the Philippines. He is little known, compared to his fellow cardinal, Manila's Jaime Sin. Allen writes that Vidal "is said to be modest, deeply spiritual, and very safe on doctrinal issues"—add that to his second-fiddle status in the Philippines, and he sounds alarmingly reminiscent of the fellow who emerged from Cardinal Wyszynski's shadow in Poland to become a world leader. Vidal for Pope? Not as crazy as it sounds.

—MICHAEL POTEMRA

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WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.

Iraq: How Are the Advocates Stacking Up?

NEW YORK, AUGUST 23

THE variety of opinions on Iraq stimulates the search for ideological affinities. A political position taken merely at random, unrelated to motherboards, doesn't sink deep roots. Free or cheaper pharmaceutical medicine comes in off Medicare, a child of federal welfare parentage. We hear calls for invading Iraq, for tightening sanctions against it, for forcing our way to inspection of its war-making facilities, for organizing regional alliances against Saddam Hussein, and for simply doing nothing.

We run into the formative division of post-war policy.

—If the troublesome country was directly or prospectively related to the Soviet enterprise, we were ready to go to war (Korea), or the nearest thing to it (Cuba). The most vivid evidence of where the distinction was blazingly observed was the Dominican Republic, 1965. We sent the Marines there because President Johnson had reason to fear that the pro-Communist movement would end in the satellization of one more Caribbean country by Moscow. Of paramount interest: We invaded the eastern half of the island of Hispaniola—the Dominican Republic. We did nothing to disturb the western half, a slave state ruled over by Papa Doc Duvalier. We knew that he engaged in torture and voodoo and murder, but Haiti was not prospectively a part of the Communist world enterprise. Would a revived Haiti-type country in the Caribbean bring on the Marines, sent by Johnson to the Dominican Republic, by Reagan to Grenada?

—Toward the end, in Vietnam, we were prepared to go it alone with our policy of standing in the way of Vietnamese-Communist conquest of the south. Finally, we gave up, but in doing so, nurtured a resentment. Congress has several times registered its determination to go it alone if necessary to defend Taiwan.

—The anti-Communist catalyst hasn't worked in re Iraq because it is no longer really relevant. The Chinese are ideolo-

gists in the same sense that the French are Catholic. The development of the animus against Iraq was fed mostly by our longtime resentment of brutal dictatorships.

But important differences individuated Iraq. We established that Saddam Hussein was developing ABC (atomic/biological/chemical) weaponry, and we knew that Saddam was capable of using such stuff (he did, against the Kurds). Moreover we faced an enemy we had already fought and defeated, but inconclusively. And we are looking into the face of a country that dispatched missiles into Israel ten years ago.

So we had an agglomeration of Americans concerned 1) to move preemptively against a country developing apocalyptic weaponry, 2) to make an example of the country symbolizing the most extreme form of Islamic aggressiveness, and 3) to protect the strategic interests of Israel. Plus those Americans who feel an inclination to use American military power to forward American interests, here defined as bequeathing to the Mideast such relative stability as would ensue on ending the dictatorship of Saddam Hussein. Add to these, those Americans who are fired by the Wilsonian imperative: Americans should exert themselves to do good work in the fields of the Lord.

The other side is coalescing around other traditional U.S. positions. The first of these is that we do not go lightly into war, not since abandoning imperialism a hundred years ago. A second is that any U.S. target in alien cultural territory, to which access is difficult, calls for special care. Iraq is not

Grenada. It is landlocked, with Syria on the west, Turkey on the north, Iran on the east, and Saudi Arabia on the south. And, these demurrers stress that this is not just a cruise-missile war, like Kosovo. Another reservation is that with progressive detachment from the Eject Saddam project by people we tended to count on in the past to help out before the war is born, while it is being waged, after it is over (*pre partu, in partum, post partum*), it is simply imprudent to proceed in the absence of persuasive evidence that a failure to proceed would be irresponsible. The consolidation of views of this kind has resulted in present policies on North Korea. Over there are starving zombies who can't make cornflakes but can make atomic weapons and nuclear missiles. One Reagan, one Clinton, and two Bushes have opted not to invade North Korea.

The galvanizing ideological positions are perplexing, with Democrats preponderantly anti-war, Republicans marginally in favor. Obviously Congress should be officially consulted. It is not obvious at all how Congress would come out.

Iraq: Question Closed?

NEW YORK, AUGUST 27

THE key sentence in the speech of Vice President Cheney in Nashville was, "The risks of inaction are far greater than the risks of action."

In this intense address, in which words and sentences carry huge freight, we are asked to attend scrupulously to what Mr. Cheney is saying, and of course the very first question becomes: Risks to whom? Is it possible to distinguish between the threat Iraq poses in the Mideast and the threat it poses to the United States? Cheney answers that question as follows: "Simply stated, there is no doubt that Saddam Hussein now has weapons of mass destruction; there is no doubt that he is amassing them to use against our friends, against our allies, and against us." But if there is "no doubt," as averred here, then it follows that there can be no excuse for putting off preemptive action. And that concern about American casualties in the operation becomes idle, because however many lives are lost, they are



"I need you to teach me to read and write real quick—I just got a \$10 million book contract!"

as nothing up against a nuclear attack.

Mr. Cheney slightly shades this question. He informs us that Iraq has been "very busy enhancing its capabilities in the field of chemical and biological agents." But in nuclear development, Iraq continues to "pursue the nuclear program they began so many years ago."

Now inasmuch as the whole world, let alone the whole of the American people, hangs on operative knowledge of what is going on inside Iraq, concentrated attention is paid to Cheney's documentation. He tells us that we have "first-hand testimony from defectors" that the pursuit of nuclear arms is underway. We ask, of course: How far off is success for Saddam? Cheney tells us, "Just how soon, we cannot really gauge. Intelligence is an uncertain business, even in the best of circumstances." The vice president recalls that about ten years ago, intelligence advised Cheney, serving then as secretary of defense, that the Iraqis were five to ten years away from creating a nuclear weapon. On completing the Gulf War, "we learned that he had been much closer than that, perhaps within a year of acquiring such a weapon."

But then Cheney goes on to say that the United States has a "responsibility to consider all the available options, and we are doing so."

What language is he here using? Are the "available options" on the order of Roosevelt and Marshall asking: Shall we launch the invasion on the northwest coast of France, or on the south? Should the Marines land in Okinawa, or Tarawa? And at this point, that entire structure of Mr. Cheney's hangs in the balance.

He has just finished telling us that any failure to take military action to depose Saddam and derail his offensive is catastrophic in its consequences. If that is so, why involve the United Nations?—except to engage in diplomatic courtesy. Give them copies of our marching orders. After they are completed.

Cheney doesn't give us the intelligence sources of his information, and can't be expected to. But it is inconceivable that he should be speaking in that high pitch of resolution unless he has the evidence on which he frames his analysis. We assume that he is justified in the evidence he has, and right in the course recommended, and that the acquiescence of Congress is implicit. Which means: The American people should now be told that we are at war against Saddam Hussein.

The Beleaguered Smoker

NEW YORK, AUGUST 30

THE State of California, which is always attracted to meliorist legislation aimed at better health, less discrimination, more conservation, and animal happiness, is considering a ban on cigarette sales to minors. Here defined as people under the age of 21. The usual arguments-by-analogy are being ventilated, here and there in furious tones. Yes, an 18-year-old in California can drive, join the army, vote for president, get married, procure loans, sign contracts, and hold a job. Yet years ago, as happened in most states, California banned booze sales to anyone younger than 21. Why not add cigarettes to the proscription?

Enthusiasts for smoke restrictions have accomplished a great deal, by their measurements. One can't generally buy cigarettes in vending machines. What backers of AB 1453, as the California proposal is called, haven't come up with is reassuring statistics that such a ban will reduce teenage smoking. You would expect that most of the protests against AB 1453 would issue from 18-year-olds, prospectively deprived; but the *Los Angeles Times* reports that teenage smokers are pretty nonchalant on the matter. They are apparently amused at any suggestion that any penalty this side of forfeiting citizenship and being forbidden to vote Democratic would make cigarettes actually harder to get, by whatever means. The proposed penalty for illegal sellers goes from \$200 to \$6,000. The penalty for selling marijuana is much greater, and nobody seems to have noticed any scarcity.

In New York City we have in prospect Mayor Bloomberg's prohibition against smoking in any public place, which means, most agonizingly, no smoking in bars. When Vancouver, British Columbia, moved against smoking in public places, the government exempted bars, on the grounds, to quote one commentator on the legislation, that bars can't function without cigarettes. Of course, the answer to that is: In fact they can. The airlines proved that. The ban on smoking in the air is ten years old, and hasn't resulted in diminished drinking in the air, and probably not in diminished flying. The smoker so committed to his habit as to keep him away from smoke-free airlines has tough alternatives. He can simply refuse to fly. Or he can buy an

airplane and take out a pilot's license, and maybe buzz Mayor Bloomberg of New York once or twice a week, an arrant cigarette in his lips.

We learn of a wealthy gentleman in New York who has devoted his entire adult life to fighting the tobacco interests. Mr. Joseph Cherner is philosophical about his crusade, and optimistic. For years he was thought kooky. But every day, the smoke-free people make advances, and with the Bloomberg law descending on New York City, Cherner is exultant. "All truth," he advises us, "goes through three stages. It's ridiculed, then violently opposed, and then accepted as self-evident." That isn't quite the case, else we wouldn't have AIDS cropping up even among urbane people, or politicians arguing for wage and price controls and tariffs.

But although the proof is not set in stone, it is pretty generally conceded that there is such a thing as a secondary effect, and that therefore, innocent people suffer from the leeward. That is the point and, medically, the principal point.

But there are other considerations, aesthetic and hygienic. For many, sharing a room with smokers is simply unpleasant. The odor is there and the smoke can be combative, which is why people blow or stroke their companion's smoke out of the way. The free-market answer to that problem isn't as easy as saying: "Let non-smokers congregate in those bars in which smoking is prohibited, and stay away from those that welcome smokers." The legions of Joseph Cherner would strike out, making the point that innocent employees in that smoking bar would be affected. Well, if you wanted to fine-tune the model, you could go a step further and say that smokers' bars could be required to hire only smokers as employees. But then what if the lady behind the bar decided one day to stop smoking. Does she get fired? Is there a civil-rights provision gestating there, by which she could plead the rights of Working Non-Smokers?

The tobacco industry, as one surveys the burgeoning restrictions coming in from all over, will have to ply its septic trade abroad, where the problem of early deaths from lung cancer seems stoically ignored or accepted; or else provide cigarettes only in pastoral American oases where smoking is still permitted. Perhaps tomorrow's rules will say: Okay to smoke if you are located in a park, or desert, and the weather vane shows no wind at all, and no population centers to leeward. Then light up.

And sing Land of the Free!

—UNIVERSAL PRESS SYNDICATE

■ THE MISANTHROPE'S CORNER ■

FLORENCE KING

DEAR Gentle Readers: I've resolved to write this column without using the word "last" because nowadays it is tied up with that insufferable cliché, "I want to spend more time with my family." The only way to avoid it is to say what I have to say the NR way: This is my l**t column.

It shouldn't come as a complete surprise. I've been dropping hints about discarding my files and sorting my notebooks and journals. When writers start fiddling with their "literary papers," you know something is up. Another hint was my recent tribute to Aunt Ellen. I've long meant to write it and wanted to be sure to get it in before I left.

As to why I'm leaving, the simplest reason has to do with those "clicks" we hear in our heads: Ten years is enough. I've written this column for so long that you know everything I think about everything under the sun; there isn't an opinion of mine you don't already know, except perhaps the ones I have sense enough to keep to myself, but even there you can probably guess. If I were to continue, it would just be overkill.

Moreover, I'm tired. Count it up: I've been writing for 43 years, full time for 35. I started with true confessions at three-to-five cents a word. I've lost track of how many I wrote but it was enough to support myself off and on in the late '50s, with temp jobs at Manpower to get me over the dry spots. At first I was thrilled because it was *writing* and I was getting paid for it, but it soon paled: one dreary, guilt-ridden heroine after another, and having to dream up plots to go with titles like "I Stripped for My Husband's Bowling Team."

I put myself on automatic pilot and kept going for three years solely for the money, but eventually even that paled. Confessions were published anonymously, so I still hadn't experienced the thrill known as "seeing your name in print." One day in 1961 while perusing *The*

Writer's Market, I decided to try the small religious mags. They paid peanuts but at least I would get a byline, so I put myself on a different automatic pilot and wrote a sweet, virtuous short story. I forgot the title, but the name and address of the mag I sent it to are engraved on my mind: *The Christian*, P.O. Box 179, St. Louis, Mo. (There were as yet no zip codes.)

They bought it for \$10. I wanted to frame the check but I needed the \$10—that was a big bag of groceries then. I sold more stories to the religious market, including one to *St. Joseph's Magazine* called "After the Ball." The priest-editor had one problem with it initially: I had a scene in which a secular song is sung at a Requiem Mass, not allowed at the time, so I moved the scene to a funeral parlor and they bought it for \$75.

How many automatic pilots can you go on before you qualify as a schizophrenic? My third one was the men's market. There were a lot of little mags—*Sir*, *Escapade*, *Dude*, *Gent*—that predated *Playboy*, so I tried them all under my male pen name, Ruding Upton King, from my mother's and grandmother's maiden names. I hit at two (*Escapade* and *Dude*; \$150 each), and got my first flattering rejection slips from the others ("Dear Mr. King: You write well, with an individual way of saying things").

I finally got a real job on the Woman's Page of the *Raleigh News & Observer*. It put me off real jobs for the rest of my life, but at least I had a regular salary coming in, so I stopped hacking and wrote the first of my utter failures known as "serious novels." It took me a while, but I finally realized that I am incapable of writing fiction because I am more interested in what people think than in what they do. Translation: I can't plot.

Formula fiction is another matter. My fourth excursion on automatic pilot was the genre known in the late '60s as "soft-core porn," i.e., 200-page paperback novels about sex. Typical title: *Box Lunch*. I wrote 48 in four years, composing them directly on the typewriter—

first drafts be damned—finishing a book in a week. My top pay was \$1,600 per manuscript; good money then, and the first real money I ever made, even if it did drive me nuts. One night I got an obscene phone call and snapped, "Oh, don't talk shop!"

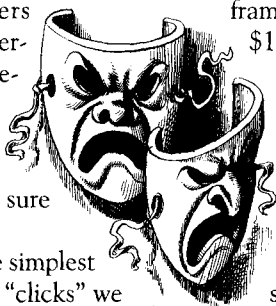
When I couldn't take it anymore, I contacted an agent who suggested I write an article called *Confessions of a Lady Pornographer*. He sold it to *Penthouse*. Then Harper's bought my profile of the Good Ole Boy, which a hardback publisher asked me to expand into my first book, *Southern Ladies and Gentlemen*. It hit big, and I was launched. The publisher bought my second book, *Wasp, Where Is Thy Sting?* on the strength of the title alone; the big mags started asking me for articles, and I was hired as a ghostwriter for a famous lady. I went from tired to exhausted, working on my own book, the ghost job, and articles for *Cosmo*, all at the same time. One night I took a break to watch the news and heard Walter Cronkite say, "And that's the way it is, Monday, January 5, 1976." That's when I remembered it was my fortieth birthday.

You know the rest of the story. I've had many successes, but the one I'm proudest of is this column. I started it in 1992 and I've never missed a deadline or taken any time off. I've written some 230,000 words for NR, and not one of them on automatic pilot.

Many of you have expressed a wish for a bound collection of the complete "Misanthrope's Corner." It wasn't possible before because it couldn't be "complete" until I stopped writing it. Now I've stopped, so I am happy to announce that NR will publish a paperback edition of the whole enchilada sometime next year. The title, which sums up my contribution to editorial discussions, is *STET, Dammit!* Watch for the ads.

And so the time has come to say goodbye. I want to thank you for the delightful letters and thoughtful gifts you've sent me over the years. I've always said that NR readers are the *crème de la crème*, and you've proved me right time and time again. Here's looking at you, kids.

NR



Will American Interests Be Defended?

"Make no mistake, our trade laws are under attack at the WTO." declared Senator Larry Craig (R-ID) during the debate on "fast track" trade negotiating authority.

U.S. Trade Representative Robert Zoellick broke with past U.S. policy and placed America's trade laws on the negotiating table. Zoellick then fought hard for "fast track" to limit debate and ban amendments to any trade agreements he might make.

Why is does Ambassador Zoellick want Congress to shut up about trade policy?

Because he doesn't want democracy to intrude. As he told the Institute for International Economics last September, "international accords impinge on specific economic interests in every one of 435 Congressional districts and all 50 states – with each interest well-positioned to press for a twist of protection here or special treatment there."

Yet, these interests are American interests, rooted in the towns and farms and factories of this country. They are supposed to be represented by those who are elected by Americans to legislate in their behalf. Zoellick, however, prefers the interests of transnational corporations with overseas interests and foreign partners. His unelected advisory committees are filled with their representatives, who are free to speak and lobby and propose amendments every day.

The American people will not be shut out of the trade policy process when their jobs and communities are at stake. Congress has still mandated that U.S. trade laws be preserved—not surrendered, in WTO negotiations.

As Sen. Craig (R-ID) warned from the Senate floor "Ambassador Zoellick...hear us loud: Do it right or bring it back here and we defeat it."



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